The Centre Reporter.

VOL { OLD SERIES, XL / NEW SERIES, XIX

CENTRE HALL, PA., WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1886. NO. 46

THE CENTRE REPORTER.

FRED KURTZ, . . . Editor.

The only thing we have to say to the Prohibition party is, that it is about time they "set 'em up."

Gen. Beaver will be the first Governor of Pennsylvania who never filled a public office of any kind.

Roscoe Conkling is credited with saying that the result of the late election in New York State means the breaking up of the Republican party,

The latest rumors about Beaver's cabinet are Cooper for Secretary of the commonwealth and Col. Hastings for adjutant General. The latter we hope is correct, anyhow.

One day last week, a Michigan train on the Cannada Southern Division, having on board a number of directors and officers, ran from St. Clair junction to Windsor Dock, 107 miles, in ninety-five minutes.

The death of Ex-President Arthur leaves the United States without an Ex-President. Had not Hayes been a fraud he might be said to be an Ex-President. We don't believe Hayes will die at all he will be a second edition of the Wandering Jew.

George W. Childs does not want to be Mayor of Philadelphia. Rather than have the city go begging for a Mayor, let them come up here where we have fellows who are bigger than any party, and will do anything to get an office and will stoop to take a mayorality even.

The itch has broken out among the leaders of the bolters up Salt river. The camp has about a half dozen men, and the way they "scratch" is a sin—no one goes to see them. So writes Mattern. They all live in hollow trees and are not permitted to mingle with decent folks. The way of the transgressor is hard.

The dairy interest of the country, when it secured the passage of the oleomargarine law, did not expect the bogus butter men to advertise their product as having been endorsed by the Government, and the sale sanctioned by Congress, as a pure and healthy article of food. That is what they are doing, at Baltimore, though.

Congressman-elect Buckalew was interviewed on Saturday, and said that he would not accept a Cabinet position if endered him. He said that the Republican situation looked like Blaine, and when asked if Blaine would be elected, he replied: "New York State alone will decide that. Pennsylvania is only an outlying province."

There does not seem to be much room to doubt the report that an attempt was made to introduce poisoned food into the household of Mr. Armour. The execration of the attempced crime, involving murder of women and children, is universal, and by none is the dastardly plot more deeply deplored than by earnest and intelligent representatives of our industrial masses.

The woman suffrage question, like Banquo's ghost, will not down, and bobs up serenely as a disturbing element in places where it would not be expected. Thus in the National Grange of the Patrons of Husbandry, in session at Philadelphia on the 18, the matter came up for debate and a decidedly stormy time they had over it. The northern delegates championed the right of women to vote, while those from the South were intemperate in their remarks against it, and it came near breaking up the gathering into a general row. When it came to a final vote, however, the suffrage amendment was voted down by about four to one.

Natural gas is one of the blessings of Pittsburg. It is a very cheap fuel for all purposes and does away with coal. Dwelling houses are heated at a cost of about five dollars a year. No smoke, no dust. It is no longer the "smoky city," but now enjoys a clear sky. If all the rumors going are true concerning the removal to Pittsburg of manufacturing establishments in order that the advantages accruing from the use of natural gas fuel may be enjoyed by them, this city will within ten years have a population of three-quarters of a million, and in industrial importance dwarf every other centre in the United States. This will be true if only portion of those now considering the advisability of a change should come. There is room for all and the more the merrier. Outsiders who only read of the wonderful things connected with natural gas are skeptical, but a visit to Pittsburg converts them and they go away sounding its praises.

If Quay desires to go to the U.S. Senate no one has a better claim on the party than he, under the modern method of conducting party machinery—that the best wire-puller and campaign manager shall come in for the largest share of the spoils.

Talent and real worth, of course are not to be taken into consideration, because the masses sustain the bosses at the ballot box.

Every Republican of average intelligence knew that Quay would be the Senator if his party carried the State. Quay was permitted to work up the State for himself. He worked it up—for himself. Now why should he not have the prze which he rightfully won?

It wont do to say that Quay wont be a credit to the great commonwealth of Pennsylvania as her Senator. We all know that, and every Republican knew that before the election, yet went right on to tustain the Quay program with his vote.

If the people of this Stote want to be represented in the U. S. Senate by talent and statesmanship, they must stop following the lead of the bosses, or be satisfied with small potatoes.

Senator Edmunds has been re-elected to the Senate from Vermont, despite the threats of the Blaine crowd, authorizes the publication of a lettor he wrote in April, 1885, explaining his eloquent silence in the Presidential canvass of 1884 which was one among the many causes that contributed to Mr Blaine's defeat. The letter is another black-eye for the plumed knight. It virtually says that the Vermont Senator declined to take the stump for Blaine because he "could not under any circumstances or temptation say that I (he) believed something about a candidate I (he) did not believe." And further if he "were to make speech and say what I (he) did believe as to certain transactions," or "refuse to answer questions on these topics it would be especially worse for the party than staying at home. "Mr. Edmunds therefore declares he "did the best thing for the party an honest man could do," and that was to keep quiet. This diplomatic and cautious language simply means that if he had taken part in the Presidential canvass of 1884 he would either have to misrepresented or concealed facts he had a knowledge of, or it would have been a great deal the worse for Mr. Blaine. He concludes this part of the letter with this stinger: "The sober minded Republicans of Vermont will not condemn me because I could not and would not tell untruths, or be a hypocrite even to retain our party in power." This is a notification that if Blaine is nominated in 1888 Mr. Edmunds will support him. Another fence for James G. to repair.

If the appetite or the Goddess of Liberty now watching over New York harbor is at all in order for business on Thanksgiving the following will be required for the lady's dinner: 225 turkeys, a barrel of dressing, 3 bushels of sweet potatoes, 50 heads of cabbage, 100 bunches of celery, ½ barrel of oyster pie, 10 gal. stewed tomatoes, 25 pounds of mashed potatoes, of lima beans, peas and canned corn, each 30 pounds, oyster patties 3 bushels, oranges 3 boxes, nuts 2 bushels, ice cream 1 hogshead, plum pudding, apple dumplings 3 bushels brandy sauce 1 barrel, 155 pumpkin custards, mince pies 225, coffee three hogsheads. While taking her thanksgiving nibble she will peruse the columns of the CENTRE REPORTER, and should she conclude to invite the editor to dine with her, which seems likely, about one-third only would need be added to the above bill. Of course we can *parles vous Frances.*

The report of the Postmaster-General for the year ending last June has just been published. In introducing it Mr. Vilas points out that the mileage of mail transportation exceeded by more than 125,000,000 the service rendered to any other government, and the letters mailed were 100,000,000 more than in Great Britain, long the leading letter writing nation. During the year 22,747 postmasters were appointed, of which 9,566 were upon removals. Sixteen postmasters have been arrested for fraud, and 300 or 400 cases are undergoing investigation. By vigilance on the part of inspectors, $78,575.60 has been reclaimed by the Government as wrongfully taken.

The way in which the business of the country has refused to go to the everlasting bow-wows under Democratic rule, as the Republican prophets predicted it would be, ought to be very discouraging to these croakers. But they appear to like it after the elections are over. One of them notes the fact that there is not an idle furnace in the whole length of the Lehigh valley, and that the Thomas Iron Company will advance the price of its product $1 per ton next year. The business depression that set in after the inauguration of the last Republican President began to lift within four months after the accession of the Democrats to power.

OUR INDUSTRIES AND TAXES.

In his speech at the Iroquois Club banquet at Chicago, Wednesday night in response to the toast "American Industries; their growth and prosperity cannot be promoted by unnecessary taxation," Speaker Carlisle uttered some valuable truths in most admirable form. "If these gentlemen," he remarked, alluding to those who contended that the Government can make its citizens rich and prosperous by taxing them, "should attempt to convince the public that the farmer could be made more prosperous by increasing the tax on his land, or that the manufacturer could be benefited by compelling him to pay a high rate of taxation on his machinery or his income, the absurdity of their position would be so apparent as to excite universal ridicule. And yet, such propositions would be no more absurd or unreasonable than the assertion that the prosperity of the people generally can be increased by imposing taxes upon their food, their clothing, their building materials, their means of transportation and the tools and implements used in their industries. The monopolists attempt no such tricks on the farmers and manufacturers, but they subsidize them by promises of bonuses to assist in deluding workmen less favored with the opportunities of gaining knowledge. Thus the laboring people are deceived into an acquiescense in a policy that robs them of the fruits of their toil, which goes to enrich those who have been instrumental in the dishonest policy.

Taxes do not create wealth any more than robberry enriches the victim of the crime. The individual or enterprize is prosperous and grows strong that saves of his or its earnings the difference between the cost of production and the market price. That is a labrorer who lays by out of his week's wages a certain sum is on the right road to prosperity. The cheaper he can purchase his food or clothing the surer he is to have a surplus at the end of a given time. It will not do to say that his wages are increased in proportion as the taxes on his necessaries are high, for experience has proved the contrary. The rate of wages is regulated by the supply of labor and not by the expenses of the laborer. Speaker Carlisle's admirable speech has shown these facts in a light that is too clear to be misunderstood.

EVIL OF INDORSING.

I affirm, says Judge Waldo Brown, in the Boston Traveler, that the system of indorsing is all wrong, and should be utterly abolished. I believe that it has been the financial ruin of more men, perhaps, than all other causes. I think that our young men especially should study the matter carefully in all its bearings, and adopt some settled policy to govern their conduct, so as to be ready to answer the man who asks them to sign his note.

What responsibility does one assume when he indorses a note? Simply this: He is held for the payment of the amount in full, principal and interest, if the maker of the note, through misfortune, mismanagement, or rascality fails to pay it. Notice the indorser assumes all this responsibility, with no voice in the management of the business and no share in the profits of the transaction, if it prove profitable, but wiih a certainty of loss if, for any of the reasons stated, the principal fails to pay the note.

ONE VOTE.

Never as many close contests known as resulted from the recent New Jersey election. A large number of Assembly districts were carried by majorities, of 1, 3, and on up and the result has been a number of recounts and contested seats this year. The final issue of all the recounts and contests is, of course problematic, but with the present lead, which they have had from the start, the Democrats naturally feel confident that they will win. The strangest thing in the whole affair is that the complexion of the U. S. Senate may be determined by one vote, and that not by the vote of a Senator or a member of the Legislature that is to elect a Senator, but a single ballot that was thrown somewhere in New Jersey at the recent election, for a member of the House of Assembly.

By one vote Robt. A. Carroll is elected to the Legislature on a recount, and his vote may be required by the Democrats to elect a Senator. It is said that he can be depended upon. He was nominated by the Democrats for Assembly and received the Labor indorsement.

THE CLEARFIELD DISPUTE.

Clearfield, Pa, Nov. 18, 1886.—In the Philadelphia *Times* of the 17th inst, appears a statement affecting the attitude of Senator Wallace with reference to the recent canvass. The facts as we know them in Clearfield county are that Mr. Wallace wrote letters to his friends throughout the county asking them to support "the whole ticket" and I distributed quite a number of the same through the medium of the committee. He also contributed liberally to me as Chairman, to help to get the vote to the polls His friendship for Hall was well understood and both he and the committee worked for his election. Patton being from this county and the demoralization on the Congressional questions produced by causes of which it is not necessary to speak enabled Mr. Patton to carry this county as he had once before. Senator Wallace it is true did not speak on the stump for any of the ticket. State or county, during the canvass. We know, however, that if he had been against the State ticket it would have had its effect on the result in this county, which would have been different. In justice to all, I make this statement. Respectfully yours, JAMES KERR,

Chairman Dem. Co. Committee.

There was quite a sensation in New York on last Friday, on the trial of McCabe, one of the boodle aldermen connected with the Broadway railway purcase. Alderman Fullgraff, one of the thirteen who voted the purchase, turned State's evidence, impelled thereby by "remorse," and gave the whole thing away. He described the negotiations, and how it came to pass that $20,000 was fixed on as the price each of the purchased aldermen was to receive. Keenan, now in Canada, was paymaster on behalf of the bribers. Fullgraff admitted he had received $20,000, and that he had perjured himself before the Senate Committee of investigation last spring, but claimed to be telling the truth at this time. It is probable he is doing that same thing. The confession created a great sensation, and probably makes sure the conviction of the distinguish ed bribers, as well as the boodle aldermen.

Reports are received from 1200 grain dealers and millers, covering nearly every important wheat county in Michigan, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Kansas and Missouri. The reports show that the wheat acreage sown this fall is a trifle larger in Ohio, Illinois, Indiana and Missouri. Kansas shows a slight decrease, and Michigan no change. The outlook for the grain crop is very favorable; many of the reports say never better. Nearly half of the last crop remains in the interior, country mills and warehouses averaging over half full. Michigan has the largest reserves, Ohio next, while Indiana and Missouri have marketed more freely. Nearly half the reports say the farmers are disposed to crib their corn; over one-third say they have none to spare, and the remainder are disposed to sell now.

We have known two-legged hogs to get into passenger cars, but in Chicago the other day four legged ones actually did the same thing A drove of hogs were being driven across a bridge to Allerton's packing house at the moment a passenger train was drawing along under the bridge. The structure broke with the weight of the hogs and the whole drove was precipitated onto the roof of one of the cars. Some of the animals broke through the roof and a number of others fell on the tracks and were run over and killed. None of the passengers in the car suffered any injuries, the sudden onslaught of the hogs occasioned a great commotion.

When Ritner was elected Governor one of his daughters says to him, "Papa, are we all Governeers." To which Joseph replied, "Ach, no, only me and mama are Governeers." Since Centre co. has turned out so much Gubernatorial timber, we have just got to thinking whether we are not all "Governeers."

GENERAL JAIL DELIVERY.

William Walker, Samuel S. Hetram, James and John Fremont, colored, escaped early on Tuesday morning, 23rd, from the Huntingdon jail, where they were serving sentences for burglary. The men occupied two adjoining cells. They reached the corridor by breaking the staples on which padlocks were fastened and then worked a hole through a twenty-six inch wall with a poker. They crept through the hole and got to the jail yard from the second story of the building by means of a blanket which was fastened to the iron bars of the window. There were several chicken coops in the yard. These were piled on top of each other and the men climbed on top of them and jumped over the wall. The Sheriff has offered a reward of $100 for their capture.

—Diphtheria of a maglignant type is prevailing to alarming extent in several localities in the eastern portion of Berks county, entire families being down with the disease. Some of the schools in the district have scarcely any pupils. The two children of Milton M. Rohrbach, of Huff's church, were buried in one grave. To prevent as much as possible the spread of the contagion the physicians have ordered speedy interments.

A GREAT STATISTICAL FEAT.

[From the Minneapolis Tribune.]

A sealskin sacque for the Bartholdi statue would cost $275,483, a decent bonnet $11,483, and a pair of shoes $1,84.7. The above statements are made in order to "scoop" and silence the statistical fiend.

MURDERER McMEEN'S ESCAPE.

The following are the particulars of McMeen's escape from the Mifflintown jail:

The escape was discovered at the time it was effected, but through ignorance, or mismanagement of the parties discovering it, was not communicated to the sheriff until nearly 1 o'clock. It seems from the best sources of information at our command, that S. B. Loudon, esq., clerk of the county commissioners, who lives in a house immediately in the rear of the jail, and within twenty feet of the jail wall, started for Philadelphia last night on Philadelphia express, which leaves here at 11.33 p. m., and his family were up until he left the house for the railroad station, which was about 11 o'clock. In a few minutes thereafter his daughter, Miss Lottie, went into the bed-room, which commands a view of the northeast corner of the jail wall, for the purpose of retiring, and while in the act of closing the window was alarmed by observing a man on the jail wall. She immediately ran to her mother's room and told her of the fact, and the two women returned to Lottie's room and saw the men climb down a tree to the street. For a time they were so unnerved, there not being a male about their premises, and the hour being so late, that they were at a loss what to do.

Finally they concluded to notify C. B. Crawford, the postmaster, who is a son-in-law of Mr. Loudon, and who lives one square from the latter's residence. They did so, but some time was consumed thereby. After getting him aroused he hardly knew what to do, but he concluded to waken his uncle, ex-Senator Dr. David M. Crawford. He did so and the doctor then urged him at once to notify the sheriff. Charley immediately did so but all these delays had necessarily aggregated into a considerable space of time; it was nearly, if not quite 1 o'clock before Sheriff Fowles was aroused. He immediately summoned his deputy, Samuel Lapp, and mounting horses, they made a circuit of some eight miles, visiting every place where they had a suspicion that McMeen would naturally go first, but without finding a trace of him. Returning to town about 7 o'clock this morning they telegraphed the news of the escape all over the country, got out bills with descriptions of the fugitives, reward, etc., which they are now distributing, while as stated before a number of special officers were started out on the hunt for the fugitives.

The escape was made by opening the locks on their cell doors by a wire, fashioned for that purpose. After they were out in the hallway their way was easy. They reached the yard and scaled the jail wall by means of a pile of wood, and an upright pole standing in the northeast corner, which reached to the top of the wall, and was as good as a ladder, as it contained forks up its entire length, where the branches had not been chopped off short.

McMEEN, THE ESCAPED MURDERER, CAPTURED.

W. Josiah McMeen, the wife murderer who escaped from the Juniata county on the morning of November 15, was captured on Tuesday morning, 23d, in the barn of William Kauffman, about four miles east of Mifflintown.

AN EMINENT CLERGYMAN SLIGHTED.

[From the Dallas News.]

Steve Elkins gave Blaine a dinner a few days ago, at which a number of selected souls were invited. Mr. Burchard received no card.

Maintaining Appearances.

I knew a family of "broken-down gentility," with whom the strictest economy was a necessity, and who were compelled to appear in society and dress accordingly, whose place of residence was unknown to their most intimate friends. They lived in the cheapest apartments around the corner from a fashionable boarding house, where they every day dined. When they made calls, the number of this boarding house was on their cards, and cards were left there for them. Two or three times in the season the ladies received in the parlor of this boarding house, at which their friends supposed they lived, a small price being paid for the use of the rooms for the three hours of the reception. In society these ladies shone in velvets, laces, silks, and diamonds, and did their full share with other New York women, who believe dress is the chief end of women's existence, in snubbing those who had not learned the art of keeping up appearances. The mother of this family was a woman of wonderful attainments and great personal beauty, and would have been respected among sensible people in a woolen gown, but, poor thing, she thought the world expected her to appear handsomely dressed and she made a martyr of herself in public opinion. She had diamonds and a "camel's hair," but when she died, as she did, overworked and broken-hearted, two years ago, sincerely mourned by those who appreciated her and not her clothes, kind friends provided for her burial, even to the furnishing of underclothing.—New York Cor. Chicago Journal.

The Bicycle a Universal Vehicle.

The bicycle is getting to be a universal vehicle. You encounter it everywhere. It spins along the asphalt at Coney Island, and out on the well-laid Westchester roads; it defies the law in the parks and on the avenues, and has even taken to mountain climbing. The adventures of Mr. Stevens, in his attempt to wheel his way through Asia, have been told by the papers. Now another adventurous spirit proposes to cycle across South America, from Buenos Ayres to Arica. The tricycle is also growing in favor. Mr. Pennell, the archer, and his wife, who is a niece of Hans Breitman Leland, of Philadelphia, have told in The Century of their trips in England and in Italy. Such trips are common enough abroad and are getting to be common here. If you wish to see the bicyclist in his glory, however, you must go to Washington. Boss Shepherd's pavements make that town a paradise for the wheelmen. After the departments close the streets are alive with clerks on wheels. They work harder amusing themselves, I have an idea, than they do benefiting the country.—Alfred Trumble, in New York News.

DEATH OF CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS

The Distinguished Massachusetts Statesman's Rather Sudden Demise.

BOSTON, Nov. 22.—Charles Francis Adams died early yesterday morning at his home in Mt. Vernon street, this city. His death will be a matter of no surprise to any one who knows the history of the last few years of his life. For nearly a decade there has been a gradual decay of mental and physical powers which only a remarkable vitality has been able to resist so long. The end, when it came, was simply the flickering out of the last spark of vital life which had been fading away so gradually that the change from day to day was not perceptible.

It is fully ten years, in the opinion of a member of Mr. Adams' family, since the waning of both mental and physical powers first manifested itself. The breaking down of his splendid intellect was somewhat more rapid than the gradual increase of physical feebleness, but for a long time only those intimately associated with the venerable statesman were able to detect the mental weakness. Indeed, until the very last Mr. Adams was a quiet, dignified gentleman, who simply took no interest in what was going on about him. The intellectual collapse was, however, so complete that for two years he has been unable to recognize any of his family, except, perhaps, his estimable wife. By force of custom, apparently, he would respond when addressed with the greetings of the day, but would soon relapse into silence. Nothing roused him, except occasionally a burst of mirth in his presence, when he would join sympathetically in the general laugh. There were no offensive features of his infirmity whatever, the outward effect being simply complete reticence.

Since he was made the victim of sharpers who took advantage of his weakness four years ago, Mr. Adams has always been accompanied by an attendant. He has at no time been confined to his bed or room, but has taken gentle outdoor exercise, and often has enjoyed a drive in the city or at Quincy. He was last out of doors about ten days ago, when he came, according to custom, from his home in Quincy to his winter residence in Boston. No apprehension of immediate death was felt until Saturday afternoon. His physicians had said that the end would come whenever he became subject to any simple malady, such as a fever.

On Saturday he showed slight symptoms of fever, and Dr. Warren, who was called at once, said his wasted strength could not resist the attack, mild as it was, and that death would soon come. Mr. Adams lingered until about 2 o'clock, when life left him as quietly as a breath of air extinguishes a candle flame.

The funeral will take place on Tuesday at 3 o'clock at the stone church of the First Congregational society of Quincy. The pastor of that church and the Rev. Henry W. Foote of King's chapel will jointly conduct the services. The burial will be in the Adams family lot in the cemetery at Quincy.

BROOKLYN MINISTERS' WOES.

Staunton Preached and Fulton Wept and Both Made Statements.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Nov. 22.—Rev. Benjamin Staunton, who has been convicted by the Brooklyn presbytery of conduct unbecoming a minister, and who escaped expulsion from the pastorate of the Fort Green Presbyterian church by a tie vote of the congregation last Monday, preached as usual, but had an audience of only about 100 persons. He made a statement that he would not vacate the pulpit, and that he blamed certain members of the church for creating dissension. The charges on which Mr. Staunton was convicted by the presbytery were based on his alleged cruelty to his wife and attentions to another woman.

Rev. Justin Fulton, who is having a quarrel with his congregation of the Centennial Baptist church, preached to a smaller audience than usual. He wept copiously as he expressed his belief that he would be brought safely through his trials and that a revival of religion would follow. He hoped the members would forget the past and work together for the future good of the church. The trouble grows out of a personal attack by the pastor upon the morals of a young lady of the congreation.

Young Girls Rescued.

CHICAGO, Nov. 22.—Maggie McDermott and Maggie Gruel, the two young girls decoyed from their homes in this city last week and taken to a disreputable resort at Hurley, Wis., have been rescued, and are now with their parents again. The latter swore out warrants charging four men and one woman with conspiracy in connection with the matter. The mothers are determined not to let the criminals escape.

Senator Jones' Luck.

NEW YORK, Nov. 18.—It is said by the friends of Senator J. P. Jones, of Nevada, that he has of late retrieved his fortunes, and is again a very wealthy man. He has made largely by the late rise in Consolidated mining stock and in the increased value of some land near Los Angeles, which he considered worthless. He has also struck a gold mine in Alaska.

Election Contest in California.

SAN FRANCISCO, Nov. 18.—F. J. Sullivan, Democratic candidate in the Fifth congressional district, will contest the seat of C. N. Felton (Rep.), who had an apparent majority in the district. Sullivan alleges coercion of laborers into voting for Felton, and also doctoring of ballots.

The Far Reaching Knights.

OTTAWA, Ont., Nov. 18.—British Columbia advices are that the Knights of Labor in that province have declared a general boycott against Chinese labor. They say that there are over 20,000 Chinamen in the province, and that they have practically driven white labor out.

Can Give No Explanation.

VINCENNES, Ind., Nov. 19.—Following close on County Treasurer Hollingsworth's defalcation of $80,000 comes the announcement of City Treasurer Densterberg's shortage of $10,000 to $12,000. He can give no explanation, but sits and cries.

A Town Quarantined.

ISHPEMING, Mich., Nov. 22.—On account of the prevalence of diphtheria all dances and public meetings have been prohibited in this city. The schools have been closed and no services were held in the churches, by order of the board of health.

Love Hiding.

Love was playing hide and seek,
And we deemed that he was gone,
Tears were on my withered cheek
For the setting of our sun;
Dark it was around, above,
But he came again, my love!

Chill and drear in warm November
We recall the happy spring,
While, bewildered, we remember
When the woods began to sing,
All alive with leaf and wing,
Leafless lay the silent grove;
But he came again my love!

And our melancholy frost
Woke to radiance in his rays.
Who wore the look of one we lost,
In the far-away dim days;
No prayer, we sighed, the dead may move,
Yet he came again, my love!

Love went to sleep, but not forever,
And we deemed that he was dead;
Nay, shall aught avail to sever
Hearts who once indeed were wed?
Garlands for his grave we wove,
But he came again, my love;

FAITH'S ADVENTURES

"I wish I had not come through the park! I wish I had gone around, even if the wind and dust were so trying! The sight of all these grand turnouts and happy people only makes my own poverty and loneliness seem more unbearable," little Faith Merival sighed, as she settled her tired self further within the shelter of the thickly-leaved tree branch which swayed to and fro over the bench where she had a moment before seated herself.

She looked like a fair Puritan blossom—this weary, sad girl—with her straight figure, her serious gray eyes, her flax-gold hair primly banded away from her innocent, pale face, with her plain and almost severely neat black gown and bonnet.

She was a lonely little stranger in the great city, and she lived in a big and glaringly new tenement in a treeless and half populated street intersecting the broad drives opening from the park.

Only a year before her home had been one of homely ease and simple content in a green, far-off country town. But in a luckless moment her artisan father had set his footsteps cityward, hopeing for less laborious employment and more liberal remuneration, and to realize instead only loss and disappointment, and to be finally beset by illness, want and penury.

He had only his motherless little Faith to suffer with him, and she was but a tender flower to be subjected to the blasts of adversity. But, nevertheless, she had shouldered her burdens right bravely—diligent housewife, untiring nurse, sweetest comforter—she had been all. And beside, it was her never-idle needle—the occasional compensation for her exquisite bits of decorative embroidery—which had latterly kept the low hearth fires from being extinguished altogether.

But there was no work for the willing needle just now, no purchaser for the artistic trifles in floss and velvet, and the hearth fire was burning low indeed on that dusty afternoon in late September as she sat resting on the sheltered park bench after an unavailing trudge through various fancy emporiums in the unseasonably hot city below.

"How happy they are—these grand people!" she thought as she pensively regarded an approaching equipage—a glittering carriage of cream and wine color—drawn by high-stepping mahogany bays with gilded trapping!

There were two occupants—a showily arrayed young woman carrying a marvelous lace parasol and fawn-and-black pug, and a nattily dressed young man who languidly held the reins. They were driving leisurely, the young man somewhat unostentatiously dallying with his gold-handled whip and his companion chatting with consequential sort of animation beneath the marvelous parasol.

"Oh, there is the spring, Charley, and Fidget—the precious dear—is just dying for a drink! Do see how splendidly he is begging for what he wants! Do stop," Faith heard her say, as the carriage wheels revolved against the ribbon of turf between the bench and the drive.

"Just as you say, Annie," the young man replied, as he checked the bays, stepped to the ground and assisted his companion to alight.

But Fidget who had begged so splendidly for what he wanted—like some of his superiors, perhaps—waxed independently uppish the instant he got it.

He put his black muzzle gingerly to the jetting waser, sniffed fastidiously the cool, mossy rock, lapped a very few trickling drops, and then, with a seditious bark, bounded from the arms which encompassed him and scampered away to a fastness of the shrubbery.

But his rebellion was promptly subdued, his silken collar became somewhat entangled in a tuft of thorny cactus, and he was held a whimpering captive, punished and penitent, until the young woman of the marvelous parasol released him and took him back to her arms and confidence.

But in her hurried pursuit of the pug, she had dropped her porte monnaie almost at the feet of the unheeded girl, who sat crying softly on the shadowy bench; and as she again neared the carriage, Faith picked it up, arose, and extended it timidly towards her.

"Dear me! what a nice honest girl you are," she said effusively and with a sort of haughtily pitying stare at the girl's exceedingly neat but woefully worn gown and bonnet. "And you have been crying too!—you are in trouble about something, now, arn't you?" she added with what would have been impertinence had not her pitying interest been so obviously genuine.

Neither her showy attire, her effusive speech or her extremely haughty air, seemed exactly harmonious with the strictly elegant equipage; but there was sincere kindliness in her air and accents for all that. And the bit of human sympathy quite unnerved poor heart-sick, hopeless little Faith.

"My trouble is that of thousands, I suppose—I am only out of work," she said with quaint dignity and with two pathetic tears starting afresh.

"Oh, isn't that too bad," exclaimed the young woman of the amiably refined manners and the very elegant turnout. "You were honest enough not to keep my purse, and I really must do something for you. Don't you think we could let her have some sewing to do at the house Charley?"

"Surely! Why not? We have things pretty much our own way these days, I should say," the natty young man answered readily and with a glance of unqualified admiration at the Puritan blossom face of the wistful, wondering girl.

"You can come down to the house in the morning," said the young woman, ensconcing herself and the dog Fidget luxuriously among the carriage cushions "and we'll see what we can do for you. Everybody knows the Silvernale mansion, with the name in gilt upon the door," she concluded rather loftily after several more minute directions.

Then she bowed in a patronizing but kindly fashion; Charley performed a somewhat unostentatious flourish of his golden-handled whip, and the next instant the sleek mahogany bays were trotting sedately down the drive, and Faith was once more alone.

"Will there be any harm in going, papa?" she doubtfully asked her father, when she was once more in their apartments of the big glaring tenemet.

"I do not think there can be," Mr. Merivale answered. "A wealthy and philanthropic family of that name reside at the number mentioned, and everybody knows that particular turnout—the stylish carriage in cream and wine color! If Mr. Willis were here he might tell you all about them."

Faith averted her fair face and a soft sweet blush wavered over her cheeks. Although Mr. Willis was far away, though he and she might never meet again, though he might never care for her as she sometimes fancied he did, he held her heart forevermore in his keeping. He was her ideal of all which is noble and kingly in man.

Some months before—it seemed ages ago, she had known so many unending days of hardship and desolation since—Mr. Willis had snatched her enfeebled father from beneath the very wheels of a runaway truck which had dashed down upon him as he stood blinded by sleet and dazed by the thunder of hoofs, upon an icy crossing in a winter dusk. The brave young fellow had borne him—stunned, bruised and bleeding—into the house and placed him upon his bed; and afterward had befriended him in various kindly ways.

Day after day he came and went, now bringing some trifle of comfort for the disabled man, and again a gift of flowers or books for lovely Faith, and always leaving behind him the sunshine of his beautiful, kindly smiles and the encouragement of his own strong and sanguine young spirit.

Just as he went away on one last bright day, Faith could see him always—a muscular young figure in a none too fresh business suit, a cheery, dark face beneath a carelessly adjusted derby hat, his dark eyes looking into hers with a look of unspoken yearning, his warm hands holding her own with a clasp which had power to stir her pulses yet.

"It is hard to leave you, little Faith," she could still hear him say in his gentle thrilling voice, just as he had said when he whispered the last good-bye.

"Mr. Willis ought to be back by this time," continued Mr. Merival, not noting the soft blushes of the pale, sweet face; "though a man engaged in the backwoods logging business can't get away just when he likes; and a young fellow who has to earn his living has to make hay while the sun shines.

"And when one must work to live, one must accept the best chances offered! So I think I shall try the Silvernale plain sewing papa," Faith said, with a dubious smile.

She was conscious of some vague misgivings concerning the particular chance which had been offered her just then!

And she felt not a little trepidation the next morning as she paused hesitatingly on the flagging before the Silvernale mansion, and wondering whether she ought to ring the front door gong or the lower bell instead.

Her indecision was terminated by the opening of the front door and by the appearance of the effusive young woman of the port-monnale episode.

"How nice of you to come early," that showy personage began volubly as she ushered Faith into an imposing hall, up a magnificently carpeted staircase, and into an elegant second-floor room. "And how glad I am we run across you just as we did. And I have something beside the plain sewing for you, too! We are to have a little party to-night and I want the lace transferred from the ruby velvet dress to this salmon pink-satin; red isn't my color at all, and beside, the pink happens to just fit me. But I am as fond of lace as the best of them; and the flounce and bodice trimming cost $2,000 in Paree! Young Mr. Silvernale brought it over himself; and he says he paid the duty on it, too, but between you and me, I guess he didn't."

Faith was conscious of an odd sensation which she could scarcely define. Something in the language, the airy flippancy, the superfluous confidences of the voluble young woman astonished her immeasurably.

"You are wanted down stairs, Annie," was the announcement made at the moment, and Faith involuntarily turned to behold the natty young man, whose admiringly glances had so embarrassed her in the park.

He vouchsafed her a jauntily familiar bow, lingered an instant on the threshold, and then with another glance evidently meant to be irresistably impressive, he went his way.

"Charley is just wild about you; he talked of nothing but you all the way home," Annie said, with a playful little tap of one profusedly ringed hand upon the bowed head of the surprised girl, and then they left the room.

"What strange people they are," Faith thought, as she proceeded circumspectly with the rather delicate task of transferring the costly lace. "Charley, I suppose, is the young Silvernale himself, and Annie must be the sister, but rich people often do have little peculiarities, and, if their manners are rather startling, they intend to be kind to me, I know."

And they did intend to be kind—there could not be an iota of doubt about that.

"We want you to stay to our party to-night," Annie said at the end of the day, as arrayed in all the glory of the newly trimmed salmon-pink, she stopped Faith, why was ready to depart."

"I am afraid I cannot really," said Faith, pausing for a sec nd in her hurried walk through the imposing hall, and looking almost painfully embarrassed.

"Oh, yes, you can, and you shall have a basket of wine and jellies for your poor dear papa, and Charley will take you home in the carriage himself," said the astonished young woman, abruptly thrusting open a door and pushing the girl with gay persistence into a richly-furnished back parlor, where the merriment had already begun.

"But papa will be alarmed if I stay," Faith expostulated.

"You must kdow you are safe while you are in the Silvernale house," interpolated a pompous elderly personage, who—by priority of age, excess of dazzling ornaments, and authority of demeanor—Feith deemed the maternal Silvernale.

"I am sorry, Mrs. Silvernale; I must seem very thankless after all your kindness; but really I do beg you to excuse me," she began simply and earnestly, to be checked, shocked, stupefied, by the reasonous and resounding laugh of the entire party.

"She takes you for the boss, Charley, and me for the missus! Sure, she takes us for the rare thing—and me only the cook, and Annie, me lady's maid, only airing me lady's fine dresses!" laughed the pompous queen of ceremonies, lapsing into her characteristic brogue. "But indade, Charley, if you had stuck to your livery like an honest lad, sure she never would have taken you for a gentleman like young master Silvernale!"

"I am not the only coachy who drops the livery when the family is out of town," Charley said sulkily. "And I don't know why a man can't be a gentleman as well as the master.

"And I am sure a maid can be a lady as well as the mistress," said Annie, who resented some intangible expression upon Faith's puritan-blossom face. "They leave us hereito take care of the house and horses and things, while they are having their grand doings in the country, and we are perfectly right to enjoy ourselves all we can. If we eat, and drink, and wear the best the house contains, they never know the difference! what the eyes don't see the heart don't trouble, and we have things straight enough when they come home."

Faith said never a word. They had meant only kindness to her—she knew that—they believed they were doing no wrong, according to their own lights, and it was not for her to judge them.

But there was something in her looks which hindered them from detaining her as she again moved toward the door.

But she was crying softly with mortification as she went down the stairs and what with her fears and her haste she scarcely noticed a gentleman standing quietly on the flagging watching her with inquiring eyes.

But as she chanced to lift her drooping head and so perceive him, she uttered a soft little exclamation of surprise and infiniie gladness.

"Mr. Willis," said he impulsively, stretching both her hands toward him, "did papa send you?—were you waiting for me?"

He shook his head; he was still inquiringly regarding her.

"Tell me how you happened here?" he said gently.

And without reserve, with little interludes of sweetly rippling laughter at her own grotesque mistakes. Faith rehearsed the whole ridiculous comedy.

"And they think they are doing no wrong masquerading as master and mistress while the family are out of town," she concluded with charmingly commingled indignation and compassion.

"So you wouldn't have them punished?" said he, smiling tenderly down into the innocent sweet face. "It is for you to decide, little Faith, for if you love me, darling, you are henceforth to be mistress here."

She glanced at the imposing facade of the Silvernale mansion looming black in the starlight, and then looked with shy incredulity into the impassioned face of her lover. Had the master, then, as well as the servants, been indulging in a little masquerade? she asked herself.

He seemed to understand her unspoken thoughts, and again he smiled.

"I told you no untruth about myself, sweetheart," he said. "I am interested in the backwoods logging business, because a portion of my money is invested in timbered land, and I usually take a summering of business and pleasure combined in my little forrest. And my name is really Willis—Willis Silvernale."

A half later Faith was driving homeward in the starlight behind the mahogany bays. Her fair face was radiant with unutterable content as she sat beside her handsome happy lover. Her hardships and desolation had ended with the day's adventures—which, after all, were incidental rather than essential to the denouement of the blissful marriage which occured shortly afterward.

The Woodtick of Honduras.

Any description of the business-like ways of the garapatos would be, to those who have a personal acquaintance with them, wanting in that fresh and lively interest which follows a first introduction, and it might be cruelty to anticipate the joys of a first experience by describing the way in which the little brown villains light upon the traveler from every bush against which he brushes, crawl into his clothing from every log upon which he incautiously seats himself, and from every grassy bank upon which he thoughtlessly reclines; how they excite his sensibilities, by traveling industriously over his unaccustomed and ticklish skin, prospecting for a tender and juicy spot wherein to sink their heads deeply, and thus establish claims from which not death even, nor dismemberment, shall separate them.

Once comfortably settled in a pleasing spot, the woodtick gives up his roving habits and devotes himself to the business of sucking up the blood of the gringo, until in time he waxes fat with rich feeding, becomes puffed up with much consequence, and develops into a rich, dark-red pauch, big as a currant and as round, with legs of little moment and an insignificant head, the most noble function of which is to provide plentiful supplies to the stomach.

FUNERAL OF A FIRE-WORSHIPER

At the Bedside of the Dying---The Tower of the Dead---Last Services.

When the medical attendant decides that a Parsee can not recover, a priest is sent for, who approaches the bed and repeats various texts from the Zend-Avesta calculated to afford consolation to the dying man. Prayers are also said for the forgiveness of his sins. When he dies, a funeral procession is preached, exhorting the friends of the deceased to live pure and holy lives that they may meet him in paradise. They are reminded that they must one day be called from this world to the presence of God to give a full account of their deeds here, and as they do not know how soon that may be, they are urged to be prepared for death and to meet it with resignation and willingness. Riches, wealth, influence and friends will have no avail in the next world. Those who desire to reach the eternal paradise must spend their days here in holiness and prayer, and in doing good to their fellow-creatures.

The sermon lasts about an hour, and concludes with the words, "May God have mercy on the dead!"

The body is brought down to the ground floor (where it was born), washed, perfumed, wrapped in a white sheet, and placed upon an iron bier. A dog is brought to gaze at the dead face of his master to drive away evil spirits. Several priests attend, and repeat prayers for the repose of the soul of the departed, and that it may safely reach its destination, which it is supposed to do on the fourth day after death. The relatives and friends all bow low in token of respect, and the Nasasalar, clad in pure, white garments (which are always furnished new for ever funeral), raise the bier and bear the body from the house, while the mourners utter loud cries and lamentations. Priests in full dress lead the procession, in which are only the male relatives and friends of the deceased. They, too, are dressed in white, and walk two by two, each couple joined by holding a white handkerchief between them.

When the bearers reach the path leading to the door of the tower, they place the bier upon the ground and uncover the face of the dead, that the friends may take a last look, and all reverently bow, after which the mourners turn back, and enter one of the Sagri, and pray for the departed spirit. The bearers proceed to the tower and unlocking the door, carry their burden within, and quickly lay it uncovered in one of the stone receptacles. In two minutes they appear with the empty bier and white sheet, and the door is no sooner closed behind them than numerous vultures, that have been sitting almost motionless in a circle on the edge of the parapet, swoop down upon the body, and in a few minutes return and lazily settle themselves again, having left nothing behind but a skeleton. The bearers, on leaving the tower, proceed to a building shaped like a huge barrel, where they bathe and change their clothes, bringing out their polluted funeral garb and casting it aside upon a receptacle of stone prepared for the purpose. None of these garments can leave the garden, lest they carry contamination with them.

The skeleton is left to be bleached and washed by sun and rain, and when three or four weeks have passed, the same bearers return, and with gloved hands and instruments like tongs drop the bones into their last resting-place, the central well.

The peculiar duties of the Nasasalar are considered so inseparable from defilement that, forming a distinct class, they are compelled to live quite apart from the rest of the community, and as a partial compensation for their isolation they are liberally paid for their services.

IN THE DIAMOND FIELDS.

How Wealth Hunters Are Periodically Beguiled.

The daily scenes in this South African El Dorado were very similar to those I experienced in the gold mines of California. One day the news was, east of us they are finding diamonds by the handful; plenty of open ground, a sure fortune; and away went the diggers, while the speculative canteen-keeper followed. When one of the Americans from New York and I, after a three-miles tramp under a scalding sun, approached the reputed mine, we found a dozen saloons in full blast, while several carts were coming on the ground loaded with divers suspicious looking casks. It loooked to us as if somebody was intent on starting a new town or was anxious to sell his stock of liquid refreshments at a single swoop, as it were. I saw through the trick at once, and was mad with myself that I had been so simple minded as to have been one of its victims. Near by was a hole, and packed close around were almost a thousand diggers, while in a cavity a black man was grubbing the lime. A few were marking out claims, but the majority having seen no diamonds, declared indignantly. "This is a fool's rush. Suddenly a bloated old fellow appears upon the scene, nick-named Mahogany Nose, from the vermilion colored appearance of that organ, jumps up and down over his table and shouts:

"Diamond! diamond!"

A rush is made for him.

"Let's see it?" all exclaim.

"Oh, it's only half a carat, but indicates," and Mahogony Nose resumes his scraping.

The bait takes. All seize their picks and pick until the ground is occupied. More people arrive. Claims are marked out. New-comers are astonished at the industrious scene, and conclude that this is the spot—the place they have been so long looking for. No more room for claims, but those in the secret seize several claims; the pretended original owners get wrathful and threaten, and a riot is in prospect, when it is suggested by one of the "friends" that the matter of dispute be settled by the rules of the ring. Agreed to; and the winner is borne on his friends' shoulders to a canteen, where ale and beer is consumed in immense quantities to commemorate the victory. After a while, when quiet is restored, it finally daws upon the average mind of the "kapj" that Mahogany Nose has succeded in playing his cards well. The canteen where so much fermented refreshment was swallowed belonged to Mahogany Nose, and he "planted" the diamonds he pretended to find. For reasons unnecessary to state, old Mahogany found it prudent to abandon his claim, enter his canteen, and give a free treat to all that came. That settled it, and all was forgiven, except on the part of some glum old diggers who had come many miles to the new El Dorado. They demanded brandy and got it, instead of "poonching the 'ead of that old weasel."

Our Unmarried Daughters.

Thomas Hughes says there is a peculiar charm about the words "one's own" which it takes a man or boy long to find out, but I doubt, says a writer, if there is a woman who from babyhood has not recognized that charm. Let us then think with more consideration than has been our wont of those women who have never taken upon themselves the pleasures and cares of wedded life, but whose lives have been given up to others far more than have those of the majority of their wedded sisters.

One such woman has charge of a household whose inmates are an invalid mother, a feeble grandmother, and a bachelor brother. She makes the home happy for them, and with what return for this sacrifice of her girlhood? What are her privileges? She can not order a dinner exactly to suit herself or have it served according to her own ideas, and to change the hour of a meal or ask a friend in without first holding a family consultation would be considered high treason.

It is possibla that even mothers are a little too selfish and exacting toward their unmarried daughters. There is a widow with three unmarried daughters of "uncertain age." It would be a decided convenience to the musician of the family if the piano could be moved to another part of the room. She speaks to her mother about it. The reply is: "I see no reason, Emy, why it should be moved. The has no trials anddifficulties to overcome, and of them it is required that they shall be always cheerful and amiable.

There is another family with one unmarried daughter still at home. She does much of the housekeeping and the family sewing, but her recreation, that which she loves above all else, is her palette and brush; and yet even her time is not her own. She has not one uninterrupted hour during the day. Patiently day after day she puts aside her canvas to fit on mother's dress or sew on father's buttons or see that the spare room is made ready for mother's friends, and day after day and week after week the work she longed to do has had to be put off till some future time, which never comes.

This young woman is a type of a class whose burdens are heavy because made up of numberless trifles. Can we not by a little more thought for her who thinks so often for others add something to her pleasures.

The Eaters of Olives.

The extent to which the olive is used varies greatly in different countries. In northern countries it is used chiefly as a relish eaten by itself, or as a sauce, seasoning or stuffing for meats, fowls or game. It is on the tables of the rich what the French call a hors d'œuvre—that is, a side dish or table superfluity. But it is far otherwise with the poor in the south of Europe, to whom it is an important article of diet. In ancient times the poor made an entire meal of bread and olives. It is still the same in some parts of Europe, where a peasant thinks himself prepared for a journey with a piece of bread under his arm and a handful of olives in his pocket. In southern Italy no meal is made without olives. The olive merchants pass regularly at supper time through the poorer quarters of the city.

It is the Spanish habit to eat olives at the end of a meal but not too many. Three or four are usually thought enough, or if they are very good one may eat a dozen. An Italian author recommends the preserving of Spanish olives—that is, of those grown on Italian soil—but prefer those called St. Francis, which is common at Ascoli, where it attains the size of a walnut. It is, however, generally agreed among gourmets that the smaller olives are best for eating. The manner of treatment has nevertheless, perhaps something to do with the coarse quality of the Spanish olive when found in the peninsula. Olives are preserved in Italy, as elsewhere, in weak lye or brine. They are also bruised, stuffed in the Bordeaux manner or dried.

In eastern countries, whence the olive came, the fruit forms still an important article of diet. A traveler relates that he found delicious a meal of eggs, olives and grapes offered him by the monks of the monastery of Mount Libanus. It is traditional in the Catholic church that the monks living in the desert fed principally on olives. Throughout Turkey, Asia Minor, Greece and other countries about the Mediterranean the olive has remained, as in the most ancient times, a substantial article of food and a necessary means of existence to the toiling millions.

What a Shark Eats.

The shark has the reputation of a rapacious appetite and a good, strong stomach. He is not satisfied with trfles, nor can the keen edge of his appetite be turned by a "diet of worms." He requires a substantial bill of fare and like the black country operative who asked the carver for a "piece of beef that would bend," he is fond of solids. The stomach of a shark, which was recently captured in Watson's Bay, was opened and an examination of its contents made. According to the papers, among other things discovered were a number of human bones, the leg of a pair of gray tweed trousers, a pocket containing a penny, the buckles of a pair of braces, the blade of an oar, an empty beerbottle, the seat of a child's rocking chair, two tin meat cans, a gum pot, an old gridiron, and last, but not least, a half digested silk hat. It is presumed that the fish had been out to dinner with some gay fellow sharks the night before.

VILLAGES OF THE MOQUIS.

Perched on the Very Tops of High Mesas---The Huts---Picturesque People.

Of all the Indian villages of the southwest, those of the Moquis are by far the most picturesque. There are seven of them, all together, and all are perched on the very tops of high mesas, which are separated by a few miles of open country, but which are all in sight of any of the towns. The settlement that is best known, and that is more often visited, consists of three villages, built in close proximity to one another, and appearing in the distance like groups of swallow-nests settled upon the top of an abruptly rising cliff. The second mesa also contains three distinct villages; while the third has only one town, in which, however, there is the largest population and greatest primitiveness of habits among the people. The tribe numbers about 2,500 souls, as nearly as can be estimated, and is comparatively wealthy. The property of the people consists of large herds of sheep and flocks of goats, which feed upon the nutritious grasses of the reservation.

The villages are composed of small square huts, built of stone, and covered with heavy beams, which support a layer of earth; and the houses are piled together, one on top of the other, with exactly the same irregularity with which a child would make a pile of blocks. Some of the residences are built directly on the edge of the cliff, while others face an inner plaza or court. There are usually three tiers of houses, rising with many angles almost to a point, and ladders reach from roof to roof. The interior of the homes is far more comfortable than one expects to find, after gazing at the dull-hued exteriors. They are dimly lighted, to be sure, and low studded, but are scrupulously neat and delightfully cool. What light there is comes through the doorway, which may be in the side or in the roof of the abode. The floor is of adobe, carefully swept and the walls of the same material are painted white. The rule of one room to a house is rarely broken, and an entire family lives in an apartment that seems to a stranger, hardly large enough for a single person.

Still practising their ancient forms of religion, the people live quiet and uneventful lives, and cling tenaciously to the customs of centuries ago. Meal is made by grinding the corn between heavy stones, and bread is cooked by burying the dough in hot ashes. The women are the hardest workers. They are often exceeding handsome, having fully developed figures, large, lustrous eyes, and complexions that give evidence of perfect health. They dress in gowns made of calico, that reach just below the knee and cover the upper portion of the body, and they are apparently modest. Children wear no clothes until they are 7 or 8 years of age, but play about the village in absolute nakedness. Taken as a whole, the Moquis are a picturesque people. They are supposed to be able to read the hieroglyphics on their ancient pottery. Self-supporting, and having a form of government that is strictly their own, that has not changed for centuries, they have so far adopted but few of the customs of civilization, and continue to live their primitive and interesting life.

The Model Husband.

The model husband never interferes with his wife's plans in any way, shape, or manner, but is in all things and at all times, her most willing and devoted subject.

If he happens home occasionally, and finds the morning's work undone and the wife of his bosom in morning dress and slippers, hair uncombed, and with feet on the hearth deep in the mysteries of a new love story, or absorbed in the perusal of an account of the last Woman's Right Convention, while dinner is still a thing of the far distant future, he never grumbles or growls, nor turns on his heels and goes off down town to get a feast. Oh, no! nothing of the kind. He first kisses his wife, then replenishes the fire which he finds in the very "last stages of consumption," puts the house "to rights" generally, and prepares—to the best of his manly ability—a sumptuous lunch for two of which he invites her to partake in his blandest society tone.

He never bothers his wife with sewing on his buttons; he "didn't marry her for that." He quietly gets a needle and thread, adjusts his thimble, and sews his buttons on himself.

When there is a Woman's Rights meeting in town, the Model Husband always attends his wife thither, or stays home and takes care of the children—as she may see fit. And, as he does not bring the aforesaid children in the world himself, it is for "her" to say whether a dozen olive branches shall cluster around their loving knees, or whether they shall be forever free from baby cares.

He never groans at the extravagance of woman, nor preaches economy at home, nor indulges in oysters and champagne suppers away from home, but makes his pocketbook a family concern, or deals out money to his wife with a lavish hand.

He never chews, smokes or drinks in the house under any circumstances; never ventures out unaccompanied by his better-half after nightfall; and above all things, never, never brings a friend home unexpectedly to dinner or supper.

The Model Husband has no "old flames," nor new ones either; he shuns secret societies as he would the plague and he has never been known to look in the direction of a bonnet on the head of any woman but his wife. He endures the Caudle Lectures delivered by his better-half with a touching meekness un-excelled by the original Caudle himself, and regards with supreme pity not unmixed with contempt, that most miserable specimen of the masculine gender: a hen-pecked husband!

In fact, the Model Husband is very, very nearly—a real, genuine saint.

MRS. SLIMDIET (serving out the tough beefsteak—"And so you have been to Florida. Are there many crocodiles down there?"

Thin Boarder—"Plenty of them."

"And how do they live?"

"Well, they don't board, but they might do it very comfortably."

"Eh?"

"A crocodile can bring its jaws together with a force of 300 pounds."

FARM NOTES.

TRANSPLANTED TREES.—So much depends upon the season, that under the fostering care of the most expert gardener many trees no matter how well planted, refuse to grow if the after treatment be neglected. One of the most necessary attentions during a prolonged drought is the thoroughly tested practice of summer mulching. Some maintain that frequent stirring of the soil will answer a better purpose, by not attracting the insects, and at the same time create a tendency to moisture. It is unwise to place a large mass of material over the ground under a tree, as it soon decays and causes the soil to become sour and generates different forms of fungi. What is needed is a light covering of some loose substance that will impart a cool, healthy shade and at the same time not prevent a circulation of fresh air over the surface of the soil. Although the insects, such as beetles that harbor under a mulch are not usually of a destructive character, yet their presence denotes an unhealthy condition of the place, so that the covering should occassionally be removed and the earth receive a stirring.

In the case of very valuable lawn trees which appear to be struggling for life during a dry spell of weather, it is well to wrap their bodies loosely with some tough paper, which while admitting the air freely affords a pleasant shade. In desperate cases, wrapping the trunks of trees with wet sphagnum moss will frequently preserve their lives. Deep holes made with a crowbar in the immediate vicinity of the roots, afford access of water direct to these important organs, and a thorough syringing over the foliage every evening is also very useful in sustaining life. One of the most serious faults with planters consists in allowing their trees to blow about, and thus detach the young roots from the soil. More losses occur from this case than many are aware of. It is so easy to stake out trees and fasten them securely that the oversight is excusable. In tying however, matting should always be placed between the stake and bark to prevent rubbing.

OLD AND NEW WHEAT.—Farmers are generally surprised on selling wheat early in the fall to find it brings one, two or more cents less per bushel than grain of the same quality of last year's crop. The reason is that the old wheat has seasoned. It has dried out all superfluous moisture and will not shrink any more in weight. New wheat not only loses somewhat by drying out, but it more apt to heat when stored in large quantities, Heavy losses often occur from wheat and other newly threshed grains heating in elevators. In most large mills old and new wheats are run together so that the former may absorb part of the extra moisture, and thus prevent heating.

MILK AS FOOD.—The highly nutritive qualities of milk is less generally appreciated than it deserves. Its liquid character gives many the impression that it is not substantial food, and is unsuited to any except the very young. But pure milk contains considerable solid substance, not only the fat which goes in cream and butter, but albumen which is just what is needed for repairing exhaustion of muscular and nervous vitality. Many eminent scholars and writers are very fond of milk. More than one has proved in his own experience that on this diet the mind is clearer than on something more solid but not more nutritious. By law milk is required to have twelve per cent. or more of solid substance, and pure milk has at least this, and varying up to eighteen or nineteen per cent. in Jerseys and some of the best native stock. Of this two to five per cent. will be fat, and possibly with Jerseys even higher than this.

SAVE the corn-fodder before it is injured by frost. When cut before frost it is green and nutritious, full of starch and sugar. Frost tends to change these to woody fibre. This portion of the corn crop is often equal to the grain.

Important.

When you visit or leave New York City, save baggage expressage and $3 carriage Hire, and stop at the **Grand Union Hotel**, opposite Grand Central Depot.

600 elegant rooms, fitted up at a cost of one million dollars, $1 and upwards per day. European Plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse cars, stages and elevated railroad to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

Make a harness fit properly and a horse can wear it without distress, provided that it is also kept decently clean and comfortably soft.

EXPRESSES HIS GRATITUDE.—Albert A. Larson, of Kirkman, Ia., writes to the proprietors of Allen's Lung Balsam: "I firmly believe my wife would have died of consumption, if not for the timely use of your Balsam." Price, 25c., 50c., and $1 per bottle, at Druggists.

Warm and cold milk should not be mixed. The new milk should be rid of its animal heat before adding it to that of previous milkings.

In point of medicinal power and excellence *Hop Plasters* are far ahead of all others. 25 cts.

All plasters are not alike. *Hop Plasters* afford relief and cure when other kinds are worthless.

Plenty of rubbing will produce a good coat on your horse. "Elbow grease" opens the pores, soften the skin and promotes the general health.

25c. buys a pair of Lyon's Patent Heel Stiffeners, which makes a boot or shoe last twice as long.

What sort of morality is that which gets offended when asked to pay a debt which the debtor promised to pay long before the time of dunning?

FITS: All Fits stopped free. Treatise and $2 trial bottle of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer, free to Fit cases. Send to Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

Lost wealth may be replaced by industry, lost knowledge by study, lost health by medicine; but lost time is gone forever.

The best cough medicine is Piso's Cure for Consumption. Sold everywhere. 25c.

MISTRESS (to amiable servant maid)—"I am going to the opera this evening, so I will probably be home late."

Amiable Maid—"Oh, you needn't apologize to me for that. Tim will be here."

PREACHER—"How did you like my sermon last Sunday, Miss Gushington?"

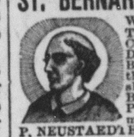
Miss G.—"Perfectly delighted. I was transported."

Preacher—"To visionary lands of Paradise, I suppose."

Miss G.—"No, sir to the land of dreams."

The death which removes the ills of life is good for man.

ST. BERNARD VEGETABLE PILLS.



WARRANTED PURELY VEGETABLE. The best cure for Liver and Bilious Complaints, Costiveness, Headache, Dizziness and Dyspepsia. As a Blood Purifier and Liver Regulator, they have no equal. No Family should be without a box of the St. Bernard Vegetable Pills in the house. Price 25 cents at Druggists, or by mail. Samples sent FREE. Address, P. NEUSTAEDTER & CO., 83 Mercer St., New York.

COCKLE'S ANTI-BILIOUS PILLS,

THE GREAT ENGLISH REMEDY

For Liver, Bile, Indigestion, etc. Free from Mercury; contains only Pure Vegetable Ingredients. Agent: C. N. CRITTENTON, New York.

ASK FOR THE

W. L. DOUGLAS

Best material, perfect fit, equals any $5 or $6 shoe, every pair warranted. Take none unless stamped "W. L. Douglas' $3.00 Shoe, Warranted." Congress, Button and Lace. Boys ask for the W. L. Douglas' $2.00 Shoe. Same styles as the $3.00 Shoe. If you cannot get these shoes from dealers, send address on postal card to W. L. Douglas, Brockton, Mass.

PATENTS Obtained. Send stamp for Inventors' Guide. L. BINGHAM, Patent Lawyer, Washington, D. C.

WELL DRILLING

Machinery for Wells of any depth, from 20 to 3,000 feet, for Water, Oil or Gas. Our Mounted Steam Drilling and Portable Horse Power Machines set to work in 30 minutes. Guaranteed to drill faster and with less power than any other. Specially adapted to drilling Wells in earth or rock 20 to 1,000 feet. Farmers and others are making $825 to $40 per day with our machinery and tools. Splendid business for Winter or Summer. We are the oldest and largest Manufacturers in the business. Send 4 cents in Stamps for illustrated Catalogue H. ANDREWS, Pierce Well Excavator Co., New York.

JONES HE **PAYS the FREIGHT**

5 Ton Wagon Scales, Iron Levers, Steel Bearings, Brass Tare Beam and Beam Box for **$60.**

Every size Scale. For free price list mention this paper and address JONES OF BINGHAMTON, BINGHAMTON, N. Y.

THURSTON'S IVORY PEARL TOOTH POWDER

Keeping Teeth Perfect and Gums Healthy.

Blair's Pills, Great English Gout and Rheumatic Remedy. Oval Box, $1.00; round, 50 cts.

AFFLICTED AND UNFORTUNATE CONSULT

DR. LOBB,

229 N. 15th St., below Callowhill, Philadelphia. Errors of Youth a specialty. Call or write. 20 YEARS' EXPERIENCE. Advice free and strictly confidential. Treatment by Mail. Hours: 11 A. M. till 2 P. M. and 7 to 10 evenings.

FARMS on James River, Va., in Claremont Colony. Illustrated Circular Free. J. F. MANCHA, Claremont, Va.

TO MAKE LITTLE FOLKS HAPPY

We send the Delightful Story, TRESSY'S CHRISTMAS by MARGARET SIDNEY, to any child whose address is sent to us with a 2-cent stamp for mailing:

D. LOTHROP & CO., Boston.

The best Magazines are BABYLAND, 50 cts.; WIDE AWAKE, $2.40; OUR LITTLE MEN AND WOMEN, $1; THE PANSY, $1 a year. Send to D. LOTHROP & CO., 32 Franklin Street, Boston. Illustrated 32-page Christmas Greeting Free.

OPIUM and Morphine Habit cured in 10 to 20 days. Refer to 1000 patients cured in all parts. DR. MARSH, Quincy, Mich.

Piso's Remedy for Catarrh is the Best, Easiest to Use, and Cheapest.

CATARRH

Also good for Cold in the Head, Headache, Hay Fever, &c. 50 cents.

BOOK AGENTS WANTED for PLATFORM ECHOES or LIVING TRUTHS FOR HEAD AND HEART, *By John B. Gough.*

His last and crowning life work, brim full of thrilling interest, humor and pathos. Bright, pure, and good, full of "laughter and tears." It sells at sight to all. To it is added the Life and Death of Mr. Gough, by Rev. LYMAN ABBOTT. 1000 Agents Wanted.—Men and Women, $100 to $200 a month made. GIVE *Distance no hindrance* as we give *Extra Terms* and *Pay Freights*. Write for circulars to A. D. WORTHINGTON & CO., Hartford, Conn.

No Rope to Cut Or Horses' Manes.

Celebrated "ECLIPSE HALTER and BRIDLE Combined, cannot be slipped by any horse. Sample Halter to any part of U. S. free, on receipt of $1. Sold by all Saddlery, Hardware and Harness Dealers. Special discount to the Trade. Send for Price List.

J. C. LIGHTHOUSE, Rochester, N. Y.

KIDDER'S PASTILLES. A sure cure for ASTHMA. Price 35 cts. by mail. E. TOWELL & CO., Charlestown, Mass.

RUPTURE Cure guaranteed by Dr. J. R. Mayer. Ease at once; no operation or delays from business; tested by thousands of cures. Office 931 Arch St., Phila. Hours: 9 A. M. to 4 P. M., at 2732 N. 5th St., 5 to 7 P. M., & Sunday 8 to 11 A. M. Advice free

OPIUM Habit Cured. Treatment sent on trial. HUMANE REMEDY CO., LaFayette, Ind.

$5 to $8 a day. Samples worth $1.50 FREE. Lines not under the horse's feet. Address BREWSTER'S SAFETY REIN HOLDER, Holly, Mich.

PENSIONS to Soldiers & Heirs. Send stamp for circulars. O. M. L. BINGHAM, Atty Washington, D. C.

FITS STOPPED FREE. Marvelous success. Insane Persons Restored by Dr. KLINE'S GREAT NERVE RESTORER for all BRAIN & NERVE DISEASES. Only sure cure for Nerve Affections, Fits, Epilepsy, etc. INFALLIBLE if taken as directed. No Fits after first day's use. Treatise and $2 trial bottle free to Fit patients, they paying express charges on box when received. Send name, P. O. and express address of afflicted to DR. KLINE, 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa. See Druggists. BEWARE OF IMITATING FRAUDS.

45 498

ASTHMA CURED! German Asthma Cure never fails to give immediate relief in the worst cases, insures comfortable sleep; effects cures where all others fail. A trial convinces the most skeptical. Price 50 cts. and $1.00, of Druggists or by mail. Sample FREE by stamp. DR. R. SCHIFFMAN, St. Paul, Minn.

WANTED GOOD MAN energetic worker; business in his section. Salary $70. References. Am. Manufacturing House 18 Barclay St. N. Y.

TELEGRAPHY Learn here and earn good pay. Situations furnished. Write Valentine Bros., Janesville, Wis.

IT was the second week of their honeymoon. She floated over to the piano, raised the cover, and softly swept her fingers over the keys. Gently, but firmly, he withdrew the lily hand from the ivories, and shutting down the cover said: 'Darling, let this holy time be one of unalloyed happiness.'" Not much he didn't. On the contrary, he stood at her side, one arm around her waist, trying to guess when to turn the music for her, and invariably turning too soon, just when she was in the middle of an adagio or sforzenda or appoggiatura, and finally, as she discovered that he didn't know one note from another, she had to nod her head when the end of a page was reached. Men are sometimes pretty green, but they know enough not to assert any great degree of authority during the first half of the honeymoon, or to intimate that she cannot play on the piano as well as Rubinstein."

A Case Not Beyond Help.

Dr. M. H. Hinsdale, Kewane, Ill., advises us of a remarkable cure of Consumption. He says: "A neighbor's wife was attacked with violent lung disease, and pronounced beyond help from Quick Consumption. As a last resort the family was persuaded to try DR. WM. HALL'S BALSAM FOR THE LUNGS. To the astonishment of all, by the time she had used one half dozen bottles she was about the house doing her own work. I saw her at her worst, and had no idea she could recover."

It is best to clean out the granaries before storing grain every season, in order to prevent weevil.

$1,000 Reward

for your labor, and more, can be earned in a short time if you at once write to Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine, for information about work which you can do and live at home, wherever your locality, at a profit of from $5 to $25 and upwards daily. Some have earned over $50 in a day. All is new. Hallett & Co, will start you. Capital not required. All ages. Both sexes All particulars free. Those who are wise will write at once and learn for themselves. Snug little fortunes await every worker.

The largest creamery in the world is at West Andover, Ohio, and it works up the of milk 1500 cows.

400,000 SUBSCRIBERS.

IF we gave a column to *The Youth's Companion* Announcement, we could scarcely enumerate the attractions it promises for its sixty-first volume. We are not surprised that *The Companion* has nearly 400,000 subscribers when we see how it provides something of interest for every member of the family. *The Companion* is published weekly, and fully illustrated. Its subscription price is $1.75 a year, which, if sent now, will pay for the paper to January, 1888.

The shoots of this season's growth should be cut from grape vines, gooseberry and currant bushes any time from the 1st of November to the middle of December.

That feeling of extreme debility is entirely overcome by Hood's Sarsaparilla. "I was tired all over, but Hood's Sarsaparilla gave me new life and strength," says a Pawtucket, R. I., lady. Hood's Sarsaparilla is sold by all druggists. $1 a bottle, or six bottles for $5.

Strong unbleached muslin is excellent in place of glass for poultry houses or chicken runs, and is much less expensive.

ONE of every five we meet has some form of Heart Disease and is in constant danger of sudden death. Dr. Kilmer's Ocean-Weed Heart Remedy regulates, corrects and cures. Price $1.00.—6 bottles $5.00.

Mulch the rose bushes with leaves or cut straw, placing some kind of heavy material on the mulch to keep it in place.

Frazer Axle Grease.

The Frazer Axle Grease is the Standard Axle Grease of the world, Use it and save your horses and wagons. One greasing will last two weeks.

During the last year 12,071,218 cwts. of wheat went direct from India to England, 2,661, 583 to Belgium, and 2,145,313 to France.

Nothing like Cann's Kidney Cure for Dropsy, Gravel, Bright's, Heart, Urinary or Liver Diseases, Nervousness, &c. Cure guaranteed. Office, 831 Arch St., Philada. $1. Druggists. Try it.

A correspondent of the *Rural New Yorker* has found onion roots a foot long and still growing down, though too fine to follow.

Do not read this for it is an advertisement calculated to show forth the virtues and wonderful recuperative power of Carboline, the great Petroleum Hair renewer, as it is nature's own production we cannot praise it too highly. Try it yourself. For sale by all druggists.

It pays Western farmers to shell their corn and sell the cobs separately. The demand for corn-cob pipes has raised the price of hitherto worthless cobs to twenty-four dollars a wagon-load.

HE (reading paper)—"A Georgia man has sold his wife."

"She—"What a shame!"

He—"I don't know about that; he got $200 for her."

A superior hair dressing. Always safe and beneficial to use. Hall's Hair Renewer.

The dangers of croup may be averted by using Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.

"How is it you never leave Paris and enjoy the country?" said a lady to Auber, who liked ortolans on toast. The author of Masaniello" replied; "Madame, I dislike any place where birds go around raw."

TIRED OUT!

At this season nearly every one needs to use some sort of tonic. IRON enters into almost every physician's prescription for those who need building up.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS

Trade Mark. PURITY, QUALITY, NOT QUANTITY. On Every Bottle.

—THE BEST TONIC

For Weakness, Lassitude, Lack of Energy, etc., it HAS NO EQUAL, and is the only Iron medicine that is not injurious. It Enriches the Blood, Invigorates the System, Restores Appetite, Aids Digestion

It does not blacken or injure the teeth, cause headache or produce constipation—*other Iron medicines do*

MRS. EVA J. HYDE, Dawson, Fa., says: "I have used Brown's Iron Bitters for general weakness and have been greatly benefited. It gave me a good appetite and removed that tired feeling that has been so common with me. I cheerfully recommend it as a most valuable medicine.

MR. T. S. LeGRUNER, Lynchburg, Va., says: "I used Brown's Iron Bitters for general weakness and lassitude. I had no appetite and always felt tired. One bottle of this valuable remedy removed the trouble and made me feel better than I had in 18 months or two years.

Genuine has above Trade Mark and crossed red lines on wrapper. Take no other. Made only by BROWN CHEMICAL CO., BALTIMORE, MD.

STOP THAT COUGH!

IT ANNOYS EVERYBODY

PROCURE A BOTTLE OF

ALLEN'S LUNG BALSAM

at any DRUGSTORE

TAKE IT FAITHFULLY, AND YOU WILL BE CONVINCED THAT THERE IS BUT ONE REMEDY FOR

COUGHS & COLDS

AND THAT IS

Allen's Lung Balsam

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS AT 25¢ 50¢ & $1.00 PER bottle

J. N. HARRIS & CO PROP'S LIMITED Cin. O

MEDICAL OFFICES,

206 N. Second St., Philada., Formerly Drs. J. N. & J. B. HOBENSACK. Established 40 years. For the cure of all Special DISEASES OF MEN, including VARICOCELE, Etc. Call or write and be cured by a Graduate of Jefferson College, with Hospital experience. Hours, 8 to 2, 6 to 9. Closed Sundays.

CUTTERS.

Send for Illustrated Catalogue and prices of our Sleighs and Cutters. We make a complete line of Sweel-Body, Portland one and two-horse Sleighs, Piano Body and Bob Sleighs, Jumpers and Box Sleighs, finished in a variety of styles, made of the best material, and we offer them at as low figures as they can be sold for by any other concern, manufacturing first class goods. Address THE EDMISTON & WADDELL CO., 95 Broadway, Brooklyn, E. D., N. Y.

MASON & HAMLIN

UNRIVALED ORGANS

On the EASY PAYMENT system, from $3.25 per month up. 100 styles, $22 to $500. Send for Catalogue with full particulars, mailed free.

UPRIGHT PIANOS,

Constructed on the new method of stringing, on similar terms. Send for descriptive Catalogue.

MASON & HAMLIN ORGAN AND PIANO CO. Boston, New York, Chicago.

WE WANT YOU! a live energetic man or woman needing profitable employment to represent us in every county. Salary $75 per month and expenses, or a large commission on sales if preferred. Goods staple. Every one buys. Outfit and particulars Free. STANDARD SILVERWARE CO., BOSTON, MASS.

"How old are you?"

"You mean in years?"

"Yes, to be sure."

"Well, to just count the birthdays I'm only fifty, but to measure it by what I've been through I'm over two hundred."

"You've had a wide range of experience, then?"

"Well, I should think so. Why, man alive, I've experienced everything but religion, and I've been everywhere except in the Penitentiary, and I only missed that once by a carom scratch. According to what I've been through, I'm older than a circus joke; I actually am."

"YOU say she is a remarkable woman?"

"She is indeed."

"Remarkable for what?"

"She was born without teeth."

"Oh, get out! I don't believe it."

"It's an absolute fact."

"I wouldn't believe it if her own mother was to swear to it."

"What's the reason you wouldn't?"

"Because—Jupiter Moses! What was I thinking of? I see the game. Come on—you can take a cigar."

"YOU consider him a man of courage?"

"Yes, sir; I do."

"And you are positive that he is a person of unusual nerve?"

"Yes, decidedly so."

"On what do you base this opinion?"

"Why, sir, he crawls out of bed every morning at 5 o'clock, and there isn't another man in my neighborhood that's got the grit to do it."

"I UNDERSTAND you've got a horse to trade, Mr. Pixley."

"Yes, I have."

"What's your reason for wanting to dispose of him? Is he sound?"

"Sound as a thunder clap, but he's too young for an old man, and I've got to get rid of the beast, or I'm afraid I won't live to die of old age. He's already broke three ribs for me, smashed my foot nnd sprained my spine. Otherwise he's a powerful good hoss."

SECRETARY OF THE NAVY—"Hello, Senator! I am going to take a run out to sea for a few hours in the man-of war to-morrow morning at 8 o'clock. Would you like to go along?"

Senator—"Eight o'clock? Couldn't you wait until after 10?"

Secretary of the Navy—"Why wait until after 10?"

Senator—"I would very much like to go but you see I haven't my life insured, and the insurance officers don't open until after 10 o'clock."

"WIFE—"My, dear, do you know that baby has four or five different kinds of cries, and that I can understand her always when she wants a drink, when she is hungry, when she is in pain, when she wants to go out?"

Husband—"So? That is very nice. And can you talk back to her? Of course, you can talk back to anybody, but can she understand you?"

Wife—"Oh, yes."

Husband—"Then you will politely signify to the young lady that if she ceases to request her father to take her en promenade at 4 A. M. it will be something to her advantage in future years."

MRS. YERGER, of Austin, rebuked her servant, Matilda Snowball, for being too fond of company.

"You have four or five men visiting you every night in the kitchen. That will never do."

"Dat's all right. Dey all wants to marry me. I dont 'low none oders ter hang round de premises."

BOBBY (at the dinner table)—"Will you tell us about your escape after dinner, Mr. Featherly?"

Young Mr. Featherly (a guest)—"About what escape, Bobby? I have had no escape."

Bobby—"Yes, you have. The fool killer you know. Pa told sister yesterday that he wondered how you had escaped him so long."

"WHAT was the last important act that Gen. George Washington did?" asked a teacher of the juvenile history class. "I know," piped a freckled youngster; "he died."

PALL-BEARERS were walking away from the grave in which they had deposited a neighbor, when one said to the other: "Well, Mr. Morse, here's where we'll all have to come if we live."

Catarrh Cured

Catarrh is a very prevalent disease, with distressing and offensive symptoms. Hood's Sarsaparilla gives ready relief and speedy cure, from the fact it acts through the blood, and thus reaches every part of the system.

"I suffered with catarrh fifteen years. Took Hood's Sarsaparilla and I am not troubled any with catarrh, and my general health is much better." I. W. LILLIS, Postal Clerk Chicago & St. Louis Railroad.

"I suffered with catarrh 6 or 8 years; tried many wonderful cures, inhalers, etc., spending nearly one hundred dollars without benefit. I tried Hood's Sarsaparilla, and was greatly improved." M. A. ABBEY, Worcester, Mass.

Hood's Sarsaparilla is characterized by three peculiarities: 1st, the *combination* of remedial agents; 2d, the *proportion*; 3d, the *process* of securing the active medicinal qualities. The result is a medicine of unusual strength, effecting cures hitherto unknown. Send for book containing additional evidence.

"Hood's Sarsaparilla tones up my system, purifies my blood, sharpens my appetite, and seems to make me over." J. P. THOMPSON, Register of Deeds, Lowell, Mass.

"Hood's Sarsaparilla beats all others, and is worth its weight in gold." I. BARRINGTON, 139 Bank Street, New York City.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Made only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND WILL HELP ANY WOMAN Suffering from Kidney Disease or from troubles peculiar to her sex.

Its purpose is solely for the legitimate healing of disease and the relief of pain, and that it does all it claims to do, thousands of ladies can gladly testify.

It has stood the test of twenty years in relieving periodical pain, promoting regularity of seasons, and banishing weakness, backache and consequent nervous distress.

Probably no other woman in the world receives so many "letters of thanks" as Lydia E. Pinkham, of Lynn, Mass. Mrs. E——— of Enfield, N. H., says: "I will simply say that your Vegetable Compound is all you recommend it to be. *It has done me Worlds of good.*" Another lady writes from Ottawa as follows: "I have just to-day bought the seventh bottle of your Vegetable Compound, have used two boxes of Pills and several packages of your Sanative Wash, and think it but right to tell you how much good I derived from your medicines. *They are a regular God-send.* All the pains and aches have almost disappeared, my stomach is much stronger too and I feel myself improved every way."

Price $1. Sold by all Druggists.

DR. KILMER'S OCEAN WEED HEART REMEDY!

A Corrector, Regulator, Nerve-Rest. *"The Heart is the Seat of Life."*

One of every five we meet has some form of Heart Disease, and is in constant danger of Apoplexy or Sudden Death!

SYMPTOMS and DISEASE.

For which this Remedy should be taken

Heart-pains	Palpitation	Heart-dropsy
Skip-Beats	Throbbing	Spasms (Fits)
Numbness	Purple-Lips	Poor blood
Shaky-Nerves	Syncope	Faint-spells
Hot-flashes	Paralysis	Heart-sympathetic

Rush of Blood to the Head, Feeble-circulation, Labored-breathing, Heart-enlargement, Nervous-prostration, Heart-rheumatism, Neuralgia and Valvular Disease.

One Medicine will not Cure all kinds of Diseases.

THIS REMEDY IS A SPECIFIC. It Prevents Palsy, Shock, Sudden Death.

Every ingredient is from vegetable products which grow in sight of every unfortunate sufferer. It contains no Morphine, Opium or injurious drugs.

☞ *Not a Vestage of impure Blood can escape its Purifying Influence.*

PRICE $1.00—6 bottles $5.00.

☞ Prepared at Dr. Kilmer's Dispensary, Binghamton, N. Y., U. S. A. Letters of inquiry promptly answered. *Invalids' Guide to Health* (Send Free). SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

ELY'S CREAM BALM IS WORTH $1000 TO ANY MAN Woman or Child suffering from CATARRH. —A. E. NEWMAN, Grafing, Mich.

CATARRH

HAY-FEVER

A particle is applied into each nostril and is agreeable to use. Price 50 cts. by mail or at druggists. Send for circular. ELY BROTHERS, Druggists, Owego, N. Y.

FRAZER AXLE GREASE

BEST IN THE WORLD Sold Everywhere.

☞ Get the Genuine.

TOWER'S FISH BRAND SLICKER Is The Best Waterproof Coat Ever Made.

None genuine unless stamped with the above TRADE MARK.

Don't waste your money on a gum or rubber coat. The FISH BRAND SLICKER is absolutely water and wind proof, and will keep you dry in the hardest storm. Ask for the "FISH BRAND" SLICKER and take no other. If your storekeeper does not have the "FISH BRAND" Send for descriptive catalogue to A. J. TOWER, 20 Simmons St., Boston, Mass.

The Youth's Companion.

PRIZE STORIES:

$1,500 First Prize Story "Blind Brother" will begin Jan. 1st.

$5000 Prize Serial and Short Stories.

The other Prize Stories, eight in all, will be published during 1887.

Free to Jan. 1, 1887. To any one who subscribes now, and sends us $1.75, we will send the Companion free from the time the subscription is received to January 1st, 1887, and a full year from that date. This offer includes the Double Thanksgiving and Christmas Numbers. *Remit Money Order, Check, or Registered Letter.*

Sample Copies and Full Announcement Free. Please mention this paper.

Address **PERRY MASON & CO., Publishers, 45 Temple Place, Boston, Mass.**

CHESTER ARTHUR DEAD.

The Ex-President Expires at His New York Home.

END OF A LONG ILLNESS.

His Journey from a Cottage to the White House.

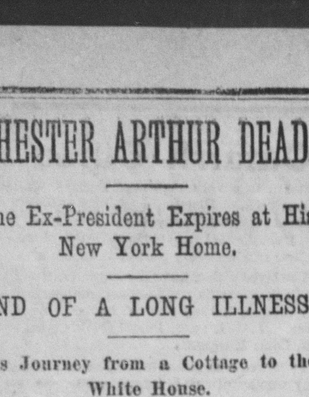
The Last Republican Chief Magistrate. Close of a Great Life Full of Startling Events and Noble Deeds—Sketch of the Lawyer and Statesman.

NEW YORK, Nov. 18.—Ex- President Chester A. Arthur, after a lingering illness, during many periods of which his friends and himself were buoyed up with the hope that he would recover, succumbed this morning to his disease at his own home, No. 123 Lexington avenue.

For a few days past his death had been hourly looked for by his friends.

Sketch of His Career.

Chester Allan Arthur was born Oct. 1, 1830, in a small log cabin in Fairfield, Franklin county, Vt. He was the son of a Baptist



EX-PRESIDENT ARTHUR.

minister, the Rev. Dr. William Arthur. Having been for years a teacher of youth, Dr. Arthur was able to give his son a good home training. He fitted Chester for college at an early age and sent him to Union, then at the height of its fame under Dr. Eliphalet Nott. Young Arthur stood well as a scholar. To aid in defraying his expenses he taught country schools parts of two winters, but kept pace with his class. He graduated in the class of 1848, and returned to the old home bent on the study of the law, but without the means to prosecute it. Determined not to be a further burden on his father, he taught the village school for two years. At the end of that time, with $500 in his pocket, he came to this city and became a law student in the office of Erastus D. Culver. Two years later he was admitted to the bar. Mr. Culver showed his appreciation of his promising student by taking him into partnership. In 1853 Mr. Culver was elected civil judge in Brooklyn, and the partnership between him and Mr. Arthur was dissolved. Soon after Mr. Culver's elevation to the bench, Mr. Arthur formed a partnership with Mr. Henry D. Gardiner. They went west, and spent three months in prospecting for a locality to their taste, but they did not find it, and returned in a dejected frame of mind. They hired an office in this city, and before long had plenty of clients. Soon after his establishment in the legal profession Mr. Arthur married Miss Herndon, daughter of the late Lieut. Herndon, of the United States navy. Two children, a son and a daughter, who are living, were born to them. Mrs. Arthur died in January, 1880.

HIS MILITARY AND POLITICAL RECORD.

Before the war he was judge advocate of the Second brigade of the state militia. Early in 1861, Governor Morgan appointed him engineer in chief on his military staff. On the 27th of January, 1862, he was promoted to quartermaster general. He held this office until Governor Morgan's term expired. Mr. Arthur has been an active Republican since the formation of the party His first vote for president was given for Gen. Winfield Scott in 1852. He was active as a

HIS RESIDENCE, WHERE HE DIED.

worker and speaker in the Fremont campaign of 1856. Soon after the close of the civil war he became prominent in the management of his party in this city. He was for a time chairman of the county committee of the Republicans, who met at Broadway and Twenty-third street. In 1871 he was appointed collector of the port of New York. That office he held for over six years. On the 21st of July, 1878, Mr. Arthur was suspended from the office by President Hayes, with whose administration, as is well known, he had not been in accord. Mr. Arthur returned to the practice of the law. In 1879 he was elected chairman of the Republican state committee. He was nominated for vice-president at Chicago in June, 1880, and elected to that office the following November. On the death of President Garfield, on the 19th of September, 1881, he, in accordance with the constitution, succeeded him to that high office. On retiring from the White House Mr. Arthur resumed the practice of the law with his former partners, Messrs. Knevals and Ransom.

A PLAIN FUNERAL.

No Attempt at Display at the Burial of Mr. Arthur.

NEW YORK, Nov. 22.—An absence of all pomp, a simplicity and severity of ceremonial so rigid in its plainness as to seem almost unsuited to the national character of the sad rite characterized the arrangements for the funeral of Chester A. Arthur.

Notwithstanding the fact that the family was desirous of a private funeral, the gathering of notable men at the church was an exceptional one. The cards of invitation to the religious ceremonies were limited to 1,000. On the list of names of those to whom the invitations were sent are to be found men prominent in all the walks of life.

The body of the dead ex-president was placed in the casket this morning, and no one except the family and most intimate friends were allowed to look upon the face of the dead.

No one except the inmates of the house and the twelve pallbearers were admitted into the house this morning. Police arrangements had been made to keep the avenue from Twenty-eighth to Twenty-ninth street clear until after the departure of the cortege from the house. Promptly at 8:30 the casket was placed in the hearse, and the family and pallbearers entered carriages and drove up Lexington avenue to Forty-seventh street and through Fifth avenue to the church.

All military or civic escort was declined, except the army and navy guard, which had been ordered from Washington, were the only guard of honor. The regular army detachment, the naval officers and the marine corps remained in Fifth avenued, opposite the church, during the ceremonies.

The religious ceremonies were of the simplest kind. No address was made, and only the music of the hymns accompanying the service for the dead were heard.

The casket was taken from the catafalque, and, followed by the pallbearers and family, placed in the hearse. The military escort in the lead, the quiet procession proceeded at once to the Grand Central depot, where a special train to convey the body and the members of the family as well as the pallbearers to Albany, was in readiness. The train started at 10 o'clock. No reception of the remains was held at Albany, but the casket was taken immediately to the cemetery.

The list of pallbearers was as follows:

Judge Walter Q. Gresham, ex-postmaster general; Robert T. Lincoln, ex-secretary of war; William E. Chandler, ex-secretary of the navy; Frank Hatton, ex-assistant postmaster general; Benjamin H. Brewster, ex-attorney general; Gen. Philip H. Sheridan, Cornelius R. Agnew, M. D., Cornelius N. Bliss, Robert G. Dun, Gen. George H. Sharpe, Charles L. Tiffany, Cornelius Vanderbilt.

SCENE IN THE CHURCH.

The president and several members of his cabinet, Judge Blatchford, Chief Justice Waite and many other distinguished gentlemen from Washington and other parts of the country were present.

The inscription on the coffin is as follows:

CHESTER A. ARTHUR,
Born Oct. 5, 1830;
Died Nov. 18, 1886.

Prominent Arrivals.

NEW YORK, Nov. 22.—James G. Blaine, Benjamin F. Butler, William E. Chandler, George F. Edmunds and Rutherford B. Hayes were among the names registered at the Fifth Avenue hotel yesterday. They came to the city to attend Gen. Arthur's obsequies. Other arrivals at an early hour to-day were the president, accompanied by Secretary Bayard, Postmaster General Vilas, Col. Lamont, Secretary Lamar and District Commissioner Wheatley, all from Washington.

The Cardinals will go to Rome.

MONTREAL, Nov. 19.—It is announced that Cardinal Taschereau will leave early in December with Cardinal Gibbons to receive the red hat at the hands of the pontiff himself, in the consistory to be held next month.

When in Rome the question of the church and the Knights of Labor will be definitely arranged. At present a difference of opinion exists among the bishops on the subject, Archbishops Lynch, of Toronto, and Fabre, of Montreal, being disposed not to interfere with the order, while the cardinal and the other bishops are strongly opposed to it.

A Coal Famine in Cleveland.

CLEVELAND, Nov. 18.—Cleveland is threatened with a coal famine, and that at a time when a cold wave is predicted by the weather bureau. The tons of hard coal in the hands of dealers could almost be counted on one's fingers. The supply of hard coal is entirely cut off, and soft coal is scarce. Dealers were around town yesterday trying to get coal from each other, but none was to be had. The cause of the difficulty is lack of transportation.

Big Indians at Beecher's.

BROOKLYN, Nov. 22.—After the close of the regular services in Plymouth church a delegation of christianized Dacotah and Choctaw Indians, under the charge of a missionary, sang religious hymns in their native tongue, and the head man made an address, which was interpreted to the audience. Mr. Beecher, in introducing the Indians, said that the work of evangelizing the Indians was rapidly progressing, and was producing remarkably successful results.

Blood on the Deck.

NEW YORK, Nov. 22.—The small schooner Long Island came ashore near Sea Cliff with no one on board and with blood marks and signs of a struggle on the deck. She belonged at Oyster Bay and had sailed thence in charge of Capt. Thomas D. Carpenter, his only assistant being a sailor named Henry Frank, of Brooklyn. It is supposed that they fought and that one was killed and the other escaped. Detectives have been put on the case.

Fotheringham's Friends.

SEDALIA, Mo., Nov. 22.—It is learned definitely that the friends of David S. Fotheringham, the Adams Express messenger, who is suspected of complicity in the robbery, have completed arrangements for securing his release on bond, be the amount what it may. The bondsmen will be business men of St. Louis, Sedalia and Rich Hill.

1887

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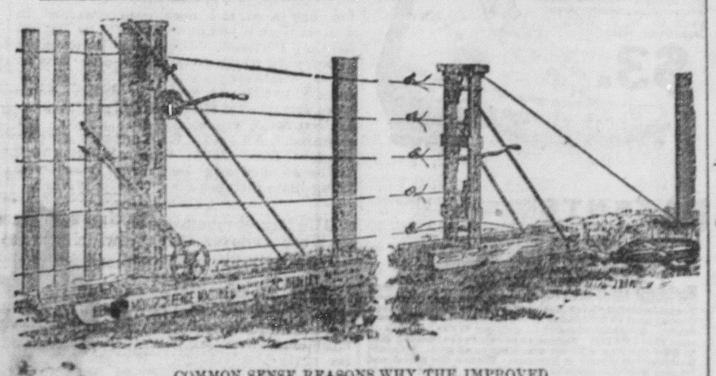

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5 Because the Monarch machine stretches the wire tighter, thus making the strongest and best wire and picket fence.
6 Because any one, man or boy, can operate it, and there are no parts to get out of order and repair.
7 Because it is made of the best materials, and, with proper care, will last a life-time.
8 Because the price is within the reach of every farmer.
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10 Because the fence made by this machine will turn all kinds of stock, and is much stronger than any barb wire fence, and completely obviates all danger of injury to stock.
11 Because by weaving past the post, and fastening the wire strands to the posts with staples, and not nailing the slats to posts, thus keeping the wood parts from coming in contact with each other, it will not hold the moisture or rot. This is a very important matter, as all boards in board fences soon rot off at post, and occasion continued expense for repair.
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13 Because it makes the handsomest, best, strongest, and most durable fence, and is the only first-class, practical fence machine in the world.

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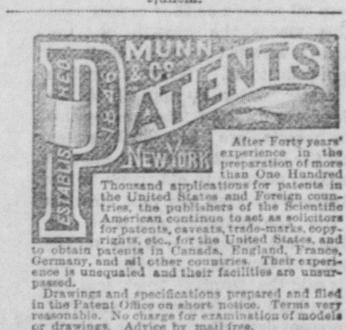

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THE WEEK'S SUMMARY

OF TELEGRAPHIC NEWS CONDENSED FOR BUSY READERS.

Events That Have Happened in all Parts of the World Boiled Down to Pointed Paragraphs, Personal Mention of Doings and Sayings of Many People.

The Dominion minister of customs states that the captured American vessels were seized in all but one case for violation of the customs laws. They will be proceeded against with care and given the benefit of every dobutful point in the evidence.

Connecticut's trout streams are practically shut to sportsmen.

Boston barbers shaved their Sunday patrons despite the resurrection of an old Sabbatarian law.

Two men were blown to pieces by the explosion of a boiler on which they were resting in St. James' parish, La., and a third was fatally wounded.

The Canadian ocean mail service, for which new contracts are to be made, is occasion for a demand on the part of the maritime provinces for recognition of St. John, N. B., and Halifax, N. S., two of their leading ports.

It has been discovered that opium is smuggled from British Columbia to Portland, Ore., in spirit demijohns with false bottoms.

The police of Lawrence, Kan., describe marked similarties existing between an escaped convict of their acquaintance and "Jim Cummings," the letter writing cracksman.

A one-armed man in St. Louis gave Congressman Glover a black eye and a general drubbing for speaking disrespectfully of the former's stepmother during a trial in court.

The wife of the Rev. S. F. Pearson, of Portland, Me., will occupy her husband's pulpit several months during his absence in England. She is said to be the first woman to occupy an evangelical pulpit in Maine.

The Right Rev. Alfred A. Curtis was consecrated as Bishop of Wilmington, Del., by Cardinal Gibbons at Baltimore.

In Atlanta, Ga., they drink their whisky out of bottles that resemble Bibles.

Clem Walls, a railroad official, knocked down Bill Hughes, a well known turfman and politician, in a quarrel at Orangeville, Pa., whereupon the latter drew a revolver and shot Walls through the heart.

The oldest synagogue in Chicago, situated on South Canal street, and which narrowly escaped destruction in the great fire of 1871, has been burned to the ground.

Anti-saloon Republicans have called a convention to meet at Cortland, N. Y., on Nov. 30.

The Federation of Trade and Labor Unions of the United States and Canada has issued a circular calling for action upon the standing of trades unions in Knights of Labor organizations.

John L. Sullivan and Paddy Ryan met at San Francisco Saturday night and the latter was completely knocked out in three rounds.

Daisy Irick, 16 years old, died at Chicago from hydrophobia resulting from the bite of a Newfoundland dog.

Charles Baker, a well-to-do farmer of Williamson county, Tex., lost his reason through grief at the death of his wife. He shot most of his live stock and then killed himself.

Pittsburg for the first time in a year is free from a strike of any sort, and business is said to be humming in that city.

A small fire at the West Point academy was extinguished by the cadets, who formed a bucket brigade.

J. D. Wilcox, a commercial traveler, publicly cowhided Mrs. W. E. Smith at Centralia, Ills., because the latter had been telling scandalous stories about the former's wife.

H. M. Brooks, alias Maxwell, hero of the St. Louis trunk murder, was not executed yesterday, having obtained a further stay pending a decision of the supreme court on the case.

Arthur S. Dixon, an engineer on the Cincinnati Southern, was killed by striking his head against a bridge while looking out of his cab window.

The Bulgarian situation remains practically unchanged. St. Petersburg newspapers comment adversely upon Count Kalnoky's speech before the Austro-Hungarian delegations. In the meantime Gen. Kaulbars has declared the trial of the Bourgas plotters null and void, and Russia is said to be mobilizing troops.

The coal schooner Ishpeming was found stranded on a reef near Escanaba, Mich., a signal of distress flying and her crew gone. She was hauled off uninjured and towed to Escanaba.

Edward Lombard, a Boston merchant, committed suicide by inhaling illuminating gas.

Mrs. Ellen Duane Gillespie, a descendant of Benjamin Franklin, was married at Philadelphia to Dr. Edward Parke Davis, of Chicago.

Three Mexicans attacked two Americans in a store at Antelope, A. T., and one man was killed on each side.

There is excitement in Plymouth county, Mass., over the trial of a man charged with attempting to destroy a dam at Marshfield, the dam being regarded as a nuisance by a portion of the populace.

Marlboro, Mass., is subject to the nocturnal visits of an animal supposed to be a panther, fear of which keeps many of the people at home nights.

Emma Pearson, a working woman of Hill's Grove, R. I., disappeared from her place of abode over a week ago. Her dead body was found hidden in a thicket, and the indications point to one of the foulest of crimes.

Mr. Mestre, who alleges that he is authorized by the Emperor of Brazil to negotiate a commercial treaty with the United States government, is charged by Mme. De Maynard, a French actress, with swindling her. Mestre is not known at the Brazilian legation at Washington.

The recount in Mercer county, N. J., was finished, but four ballots were challenged and the result is still in doubt. The probabilities are that Donohue, the Labor Democrat, will have the casting vote for United States senator in the legislature.

The working people who live in the suburbs of New Jersey have obtained cheap fares on the railroads between Newark and Elizabeth and New York.

John Smith, of Lisbon, Ia., fell from a moving train and was almost devoured by wolves.

Charles Dinwiddie, confined in a calaboose at McKenzie, Tenn., was riddled with bullets by a masked mob.

A citizen of Kingston, Ont., went to New York city and paid $50 for a bag of sawdust. He thought he had $1,000 in the bag.

Mayor Carter Harrison, of Chicago, refused to sign a petition for the pardon of the Anarchists.

Iron and lead ore have been found in paying quantities near Wabash, Ind.

Mr. James D. Warren, of Buffalo, late chairman of the New York Republican state committee, who was seriously ill, is reported to be much better and will probably recover.

Congressman George D. Wise, of Virginia, has been arrested and held under $1,000 bail on a charge of contemplating a duel with Lamb, of Norfolk.

The Ontario parliament was dissolved and a new election will be held Dec. 20.

Michael Davitt had an enthusiastic reception at Detroit.

Father Mendl, of the Church of the Immaculate Conception, Montclair, N. J., has issued a ukase against dancing to his congregation.

William J. Campbell, formerly superintendent of the Harlem railroad, died in great poverty.

A fatal assault was made upon Charles Fife while he was walking to his home through a Chicago street at night. His assailants are unknown.

The sheriff of Cook county, Ills., has an execution for $4,124,607.15 to serve.

McFarland, the man arrested for complicity in the recent murder of Game Wardens Hill and Niles, was arraigned at Machias.

Messenger Fotheringham, who had charge of the Adams express car robbed about three weeks ago west of St. Louis, was arraigned for grand larceny and pleaded not guilty.

Boston barbers are agitating the repeal of the resurrected law that threatens to interfere with their Sunday trade.

Lawyer Coffey, of Boston, who was junior counsel for Parson Downs and Mrs. Taber, was arrested on a charge of retaining money collected for a client.

There is talk among Boston Republicans of nominating George E. McNeil, a Knight of Labor, for mayor.

A fire at Durham, N. C., destroyed a large portion of the business part of the town, and caused losses aggregating $500,000.

The Dominion government has ordered the release of the Flying Scud, seized at Halifax because her master had sold fishing tackle in a Canadian port. The cargo of the Highland Light has been sold and that vessel will soon be sold.

A charming young Vermont woman, arrested on a charge of forging a wealthy old gentleman's name to a check, astounded the court by declaring that he had given her permission to use his name in that manner.

The mayor of San Francisco has granted a license for the Dempsy-Burke prize fight, and it will take place on Monday the 22d inst.

An alleged effort has been made to poison Philip Armour, the Chicago packer, by sending a sample bag of Buckwheat flour to the cook. The flour contained enough poison to kill the family had it been used.

Two Battle Creek, Mich., editors, ex-Congressman George Willard, of The Journal, and George W. Buckley, will enter the ministry, the former as Episcopalians and the latter Unitarian.

A heavy snowstorm has prevailed in Iowa and other western states blockading travel seriously.

The trial of the famous and mystifying Wilson-Moen suit at Boston ended in a verdict for Mr. Moen. "Doc" Wilson, the plaintiff, threatens to pursue the matter, even after Mr. Moen's death.

Mr. George W. Childs says he could not accept the nomination or election as mayor of Philadelphia.

The steam whaler Eagle arrived in St. Johns, N. F., after a voyage of great severity. She brought to port the captain and crew of the whaler Catherine, which sank in Cumberland gulf. Lieut. Peary, United States navy, also returned on the Eagle. He gave an interesting account of his exploration of some Greenland glaciers.

First Lieutenant James S. Pettit, of the First infantry, United States army, was shot and seriously wounded by a robber at Leavenworth, Kan., on the eve of his expected marriage to Miss Sharp, a niece of Gen. Grant.

Three firemen—Charles L. Grund, Frank Kerr and Henry Ryan—fell with their ladder from a burning building at Baltimore, Md., striking the ground with such force that two of them died soon afterward from their injuries and the third is not expected to recover.

John H. Chappel was thrown by the force of an explosion on a revolving circular saw while at work in Newlight township, N. C., and was cut through to the spine, causing instant death.

A number of trades unionists in their views on the coming convention at Columbus favor harmony with the Knights of Labor.

Judge Brady reserved his decision on an application for a new trial and arrest of judgment in the case of Andrew J. Wightman, convicted of an attempt to blackmail Mr. Charles F. Sears, of Buffalo.

A house in Albany was crushed in by falling walls, and a child caught under the wreck. The child was rescued without injury.

A man named Burris, who shot two women at Chicago, was sentenced to six years at hard labor.

Rev. A. C. Thompson, of Boston, has been chosen chairman of the prudential committee of the American board of foreign missions.

Secretary Whitney proposes to consolidate the supervision and purchase of stores and supplies for the navy.

The Boston Towboat company received $35,000 for services rendered the Cunard steamer Pavonia in her late mishap.

F. A. Cloudman, of Rondout, N. Y., proposes to embark in a twenty-four foot sloop-rigged boat for a cruise around the world, to write for a New York magazine.

Troy was visited by a destructive storm. Among buildings wrecked was a vitriol factory, and several workmen were seriously if not fatally injured by the acid being thrown over them.

Mormon converts to the number of 100 started from Chattanooga for Utah.

Nettie and Ella Johnson, sisters, aged 18 and 20 years, were burned to death near Wabash, Ind.

United States Senator Sewell, of New Jersey, has been sued for a libel in a political speech.

The Kate Wentworth, having lost her captain, run ashore near Morehead City, N. C., and her crew is saved.

The strike of the cigarmakers in Cuba is over.

Many instances have been unearthed where New York shop girls have died in the struggle to gain an honest living.

State Factory Inspector Connolly, of New York, intends to prosecute those who violate the Child Labor law.

Mrs. Agnew and Miss Dodge, of New York city, will accept their appointments as school commissioners. They were congratulated and Mayor Grace was thanked by the Woman Suffragists.

Ex-United States District Attorney Stone, a Republican, who was suspended at the same time and for the same reason that Benton, of Missouri, was suspended, will state his case as Benton did, and expects to be reinstated for the same reason as the latter.

Drug stores throughout Kansas are taking out revenue licenses to sell liquor at retail since the saloons have been shut off by state prohibitory legislation. Twenty-five hundred special tax stamps have been thus issued.

Dr. R. H. Scott died at Centralia, Ills., and having long feared that he might be buried alive, his dying request that his heart should be cut out before burial was complied with, and the organ was put back in its place detached before burial.

The steamships Britannia and Beaconsfield were in collision near Governor's island, New York harbor, and the latter was sunk.

Fifteen barges, twenty-two schooners and three propellers were lost on the lakes during the recent storm, aggregating a loss of $1,000,000 and over 100 lives.

Chauncey F. Black, of Pennsylvania, late candidate for governor, is spoken of at Washington in connection with the Turkish mission.

A vein of coal of fine quality, five and a half feet thick, was found at Mount Vernon, Ills.

The New York bricklayers are thoroughly organized and well paid. Their system of arbitration with the employers has worked most satisfactorily.

Mr. Jefferson Davis has written a letter deprecating the publication of details of the "northwestern conspiracy," as it would tend to expose some of the friends of the late Confederacy.

A department clerk in Washington tried to murder a female fellow clerk by chloroform.

A spiritualistic origin is claimed for the order of the Knights of Labor by some of its members.

Dr. George Bauer, a scientist at Yale, was injured by the explosion of an ostrich egg that he was opening for purposes of investigation.

Mr. D. Swigert, of Lexington, Ky., has purchased the English Derby winner of 1870, Kingcraft.

The steamer Hercules struck a sunken wreck in Notre Dame bay, N. F., and sunk.

Governor Hill, of N. Y., visited Havana, his boyhood home, on the occasion of unveiling a bust of Charles Cook.

Rev. Louis Hughes was brutally flogged by masked men in Menifee county, Ky., for casting a Republican vote.

The surrogate of Erie county, N. Y., decides to admit the will of Francis W. Tracey to probate. It gives his widow, Agnes Ethel Tracey, about $500,000.

The submarine monitor Peacemaker was exhibited before a number of army and navy officers, among them Gen. Sherman. An extra pair of horizontal rudders which were recently added proved a hindrance and the boat refused to dive.

The exemplified copy of the will of Don Tomas Terry, the Cuban millionaire planter, having been offered for record in New York city by the testator's son and executor, the Baroness Blanc, a daughter of Don Tomas, has interposed an objection. Fifty millions of dollars' worth of property is involved.

Ex-aldermen Fullgraff and Duffy, of New York, continued their confession of how the aldermen of '84 were bribed to vote charters to horse car railroads.

EUROPEAN WAR TALK.

Conflict to Follow Aggressive Action on the Part of Russia.

BOSTON, Nov. 22.—E. A. Perry cables to The Herald from London that the recall of Kaulbars from Bulgaria signifies not a retreat, but a rupture by Russia. He says:

"Few anticipate interference from the powers so long as Russia does not proceed to open violence. The situation is thus summed up by a distinguished diplomat: Austria will not interfere alone. If, however, she takes the aggressive, England will join her, and Russia and France will naturally become allies. This would force Germany out of neutrality. Then Italy would take a hand against Russia, and she would very likely turn the scale. What Turkey would do nobody can predict. A general European war under these circumstances would end in a congress, and that would come to a compromise which would amount to nothing. A compromise might be reached to satisfy England, Russia and Turkey by settling the Turkish question, but not Italy, which would not give aid without receiving some advantage. Bismarck is most anxious to prevent a Russian alliance with France, and will do his utmost in order that it shall not be made.

Germany is willing to fight France single handed, and vice versa, but in a general war terminating in a compromise neither is likely to gain an advantage, and both would exhaust their resources fruitlessly; hence France is no more willing than Germany to precipitate a general European war, and both will try to promote an arrangement. It looks now as if a Russian candidate would be elected prince of Bulgaria, and matters in that disturbed province be settled by yielding to Russian rule, without interference from the powers.

The Poachers in Maine.

SURREY, Me., Nov. 22.—The poachers of this part of Maine are evidently trying to terrorize their neighbors, to prevent interference with their operations. Within a few days Walter Young, aged 17, while cutting hoop poles in the woods, was shot at by three men from across a small pond. Fifteen shots were fired, which Young escaped only by dodging behind trees and crawling away. The men are known, and will probably be arrested. Irwin Witbee, aged 14, while gunning, was seized by two men, who tied his hands and were about to lash him to a tree, but were frightened by his screams and fled. These outrages have caused much excitement in this neighborhood.

Flight of an Adventuress.

PARIS, Nov. 22.—An American adventuress named Kate Bellmond, alias Marquise Rosa de la Salle, who had taken refuge in England, has been sentenced in default to two years' imprisonment for obtaining money under false pretenses by means of letters purporting to have been signed by Dr. Coffin, late bishop of Southwark.

Tobacco Crop Injured.

HARTFORD, Nov. 19.—The storm was very severe here. Many buildings were unroofed, chimneys, fences and trees blown down, and much damage done. A number of tobacco sheds containing this year's crop are reported to have been destroyed, and the tobacco badly damaged.

Frost in the South.

NEW LAREDO, Tex., Nov. 19.—Reports from points on the Mexican National road as far south as Monterey state that destructive frosts have prevailed. Fruits and vegetables are badly damaged. The thermometer registered 16 degs. above zero here. It is moderating.

Syracuse Salt Superintendent.

SYRACUSE, Nov. 19.—The findings in the matter of charges against Salt Superintendent P. J. Brumelkamp have been filed with Governor Hill by the referee, Judge Rice, and will be examined and acted upon by the governor.

Death Warrants Signed.

HARRISBURG, Nov. 16.—Governor Pattison has signed the death warrants of John M. Wilson, of Montgomery county, and James P. McCabe, of Wayne county, condemned murderers. The date of execution in both cases is fixed for Jan. 13, 1887.

Boston's Colored Judge Dead.

BOSTON, Nov. 20.—Police Justice George L. Ruffin, colored, died last evening of Bright's disease of the kidneys, aged 52. Judge Ruffin was born and educated in Richmond, Va., his parents being free negroes and quite wealthy.

IT IS WONDERFUL

how easily rheumatism begins, and how insidiously it grows in the system, until one is startled to find himself its victim in either the acute or chronic form. He then learns the fearful tenacity of its grip and the utter powerlessness of the ordinary remedies to give relief.

Probably to no disease have physicians given more study, and none has more completely baffled their efforts to provide a specific; and until Athlophoros was discovered there was no medicine which would surely cure rheumatism, neuralgia and nervous or sick headache. Thousands of testimonials like the following prove beyond question that Athlophoros is the only reliable remedy, and that it will do all that is claimed for it.

Catskill, Green Co., N. Y.
August 19, 1886.

I can recommend the Athlophoros to anybody that is in want of it. It has cured my mother who has had neuralgia all her life and also rheumatism. She says she is all free from pain now, and will not be without a bottle for twice the price. I gave a bottle to my brother who had neuralgia in the bowels and it fixed him in a few days. FRANK EDWARDS.

Rouses Pt., Clifton Co., N. Y.
August 18th, 1886.

Two years ago this Summer I was sorely afflicted with rheumatism in my right knee and left shoulder, and was induced by a friend to try Athlophoros. I used five bottles, got well, and have been comparatively free from rheumatism since. I have great faith in it, and have recommended it to my friends. So far as I know all who have tried it speak its praise.

R. HEATON.

Every druggist should keep Athlophoros and Athlophoros Pills, but where they cannot be bought of the druggist the Athlophoros Co., 112 Wall St., New York, will send either (carriage paid) on receipt of regular price, which is $1.00 per bottle for Athlophoros and 50c. for Pills.

For liver and kidney diseases, dyspepsia, indigestion, weakness, nervous debility, diseases of women, constipation, headache, impure blood, &c., Athlophoros Pills are unequaled.

We quote no leaders in DRY GOODS, but offer everything in the line fully as low as legitimate competition will or can afford it. We have no calicoes at 2 cents per yard, nor Canton flannels at 4 cents, as our regular trade have no use for such goods, but we have a full line of DRY GOODS comprising everything Domestic. Dry Goods and House-furnishing Goods, including carpets, at the very bottom prices, and the cheapest and best line of White and Colored Blankets ever offered in Bellefonte. S. & A. LOEB.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD—(Philadelphia and Erie Division)—on and after Nov. 14, 1886

WESTWARD.

ERIE MAIL leaves	Philadelphia	11 25 p m			
" "	Harrisburg	3 30 a m			
" "	Montandon	5 56 a m			
" "	Williamsport	7 10 a m			
" "	Jersey Shore	7 35 a m			
" "	Lock Haven	7 58 a m			
" "	Renovo	8 50 a m			
" arr at	Erie	4 00 p m			
NEWS EXPRESS leaves	Philadelphia	4 30 a m			
" "	Harrisburg	8 10 a m			
" "	Montandon	10 12 a m			
" "	Williamsport	11 10 a m			
" arr at	Lock Haven	12 10 p m			
NIAGARA EXP. leaves	Philadelphia	7 40 a m			
" "	Harrisburg	11 25 a m			
" "	Montandon	1 14 a m			
" arr at	Williamsport	2 15 p m			
" "	Lock Haven	3 15 p m			
" "	Renovo	4 15 p m			
" "	Kane	8 35 p m			
FAST LINE leaves	Philadelphia	11 14 p m			
" "	Harrisburg	2 40 p m			
" "	Montandon	4 50 p m			
" "	Williamsport	6 10 p m			
" "	Lock Haven	7 02 p m			
" arr at	Renovo	8 00 p m			
(Sunday Train.					
SUNDAY MAIL leaves	Philadelphia	4 30 a m			
" "	Harrisburg	7 40 a m			
" "	Montandon	9 57 a m			
" "	Williamsport	10 40 a m			
" "	Lock Haven	11 35 a m			
" arrives	Renovo	12 30 p m			

EASTWARD.

SEA SHORE EXP. leaves	Lock Haven	7 05 a m			
" "	Jersey Shore	7 35 a m			
" "	Williamsport	8 15 a m			
" "	Montandon	9 17 a m			
" arr at	Harrisburg	11 30 a m			
" "	Philadelphia	3 15 p m			
DAY EXPRESS leaves	Kane	6 25 a m			
" "	Renovo	10 20 a m			
" "	Lock Haven	11 15 a m			
" "	Williamsport	12 25 p m			
" "	Montandon	1 26 p m			
" arr at	Harrisburg	3 25 p m			
" "	Philadelphia	6 50 p m			
RENOVO ACC'N leaves	Renovo	4 05 p m			
" "	Lock Haven	5 00 p m			
" "	Williamsport	6 20 p m			
" "	Montandon	7 25 p m			
" arrives at	Harrisburg	9 30 p m			
" "	Philadelphia	4 25 a m			

Sunday Train—RENOVO Accommod'n East runs also on Sundry.

ERIE MAIL leaves	Erie	2 45 p m			
" "	Renovo	11 00 p m			
" "	Lock Haven	11 58 p m			
" "	Williamsport	1 25 a m			
" "	Montandon	2 27 a m			
" arr at	Harrisburg	4 30 a m			
" "	Philadelphia	8 25 a m			

Erie Mail East, Niagara Express West, and Day Express East make close connection at Lock Haven with B. E. V. R. R. Trains.

Erie Mail East and West connect at Erie with trains on L. S. & M. S. R. R.; at Corry with B. P. & W. R. R. at Emporium with B., N. Y. & P. R. R., and at Driftwood with A. V. R. R.

LEWISBURG AND TYRONE RAILROAD.
BELLEFONTE, NITTANY AND LEMONT R. R
Daily Except Sunday.

Westward. P M	A.M.	A.M.	STATIONS.	Eastward. A M	P.M.	P M
1 30	10 15	6 50	Montandon	9 10	1 10	4 40
1 40	10 25	6 05	Lewisburg	9 00	1 00	4 30
1 48		6 15	Biehl	8 51		4 21
1 56		6 22	Vicksburg	8 45		4 16
2 09		6 33	Mifflinburg	8 33		4 06
2 25		6 48	Millmont	8 18		3 52
2 35		7 00	Laurelton	8 10		3 43
2 55		7 49	Coburn	7 23		2 57
3 34		7 56	Zerby	7 15		2 47
3 44		8 10	Rising Spring	7 06		2 35
3 55		8 19	Penn Cave	6 58		2 29
4 02		8 27	Centre Hall	6 50		2 20
4 08		8 34	Gregg	6 43		2 13
4 20		8 45	Linden Hall	6 36		2 05
4 25		8 52	Oak Hall	6 30		2 00
4 30		8 55	Lemont	6 25		1 55
4 36		9 03	Dale Summit	6 20		1 50
4 49		9 14	Pleasant Gap	6 09		1 40
4 56		9 19	Axemann	6 04		1 34
5 00		9 25	Bellefonte	6 00		1 30

Additional trains leave Lewisburg for Montandon at 5.20 a m, 9.55 a m, and 7.10 p m, returning leave Montandon for Lewisburg at 9.20 a m, 4.55 p m and 7 30 p m.

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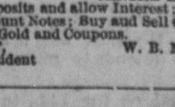

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Terms reasonable. Good sample rooms on first floor.

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Opposite City Hall and the Post Office.
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DR. S. G. GUTELIUS.—
Dentist, Millheim. Offers his professional services to the public. He is prepared to perform all operations in the dental profession. He is now fully prepared to extract teeth absolutely without pain. my 2 78

New Arrival of Goods
AT NEW STORE!
NEW GOODS! NEW GOODS

HARPER & KREAMER
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Have just opened in one of the Largest and Best Rooms in the Valley,
—A COMPLETE STOCK OF—
DRY GOODS, DRESS GOODS
NOTIONS, HATS & CAPS,
BOOTS & SHOES,
HARDWARE,
OILS AND PAINTS
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FOR SALE.—A new two-story house and 1 with stable, at Centre Hall station. Apply to F. Kurtz.

NEWS OF THE WEEK

—Dr. Ralph L. Stone, 22 years of age, committed suicide in his room in the County Hospital at Brooklyn, New York, on the 5th.

—A slight shock of earthquake was felt on the 8th at Reno Nevada.

—Near Indiana, Penna., on the 8th, five masked men entered the house of George Smith, and, holding a revolver to his head, forced him to give up five thousand dollars in gold which he had concealed in the house. Smith's wife and a hired man were in the house at the time, but all were cowed by the robbers. Frederick Reger was arrested in Chicago on the 8th on several charges of robbery. He has been identified as the perpetrator of three jewelry robberies, two of them committed recently. One of his methods, it is said, was to throw pepper in the eyes of the person he wished to rob. Frank Hart, the colored pedestrian, was arrested in Boston on the 8th, on the charge of having embezzled $700 of the gate receipts of a recent walking match in that city. Five of the mounted police at Regina, in the Northwest Territory, have deserted and carried off the pay of a troop amounting to $2000.

—Another weather prophet has arisen in the shape of "Professor Foster, the meteorologist," who publishes in the Burlington *Hawkeye* a prediction of "a great storm period extending from December 4 to 17, during which will occur some of the most destructive winter storms of recent years." "These storms," he says, "will be much of the same nature as the great blizzards of last January. Heavy storms and high winds will greatly impede railroad travel," and he advises the railways "to prepare for blockades that will occur in the Western States about December 5, and reach the Eastern States December 9." There will also be "energetic electrical disturbances that will affect telegraph and telephone lines."

—Lyman A. Hill and Charles Niles, deputy sheriffs, were shot dead on the 8th, by one of the two Poachers, whose dogs they were about to capture, in Hemenway township, on the Machias river, Maine. The murderer was about 35 years of age, his companion 50. Both escaped.

—Ice a quarter of an inch thick formed at Lynchburg, Virginia, on the night of the 7th. The snow is three inches deep in the neighboring mountains.

—At Tchula, Mississippi, on the 8th, a ruffian, named Vautry McBee, at different times attacked and wounded four colored men, one of them fatally. He then, accompanied by his brother, Albert, fled to the cane brakes. A Sheriff and four deputies are in pursuit. The fugitives are armed with "six or eight pistols and shot guns." Hewitt Greiner, an American ranchman, and some friends had a battle with Mexicans opposite Del Rio, Texas, on the 8th. Greiner and one of his men were killed, and one of the Mexicans was also killed. Further trouble is anticipated. Greiner owned a ranch in Mexico.

—It is stated that more than 1000 cattle in Jasper and Christian counties, Indiana, are afflicted with pleuro-pneumonia, and that the disease is spreading rapidly. The malady was brought from Northern Ohio by spring calves about three weeks ago.

—There were several incendiary fires in Salem, Massachusetts, before daylight on the 9th, which caused an aggregate loss of about $20,000. The principal building of the Portland Stoneware Company,s Works, near Portland, Maine, was burned on the 9th. Loss, $50,000; insurance, $22,900. Sixty-five men are thrown out of employment. The East Shore Lumber Company's Mill at Muskegan, Michigan, was burned on the 8th. Loss, $25,000; insurance, $80,000.

—The official vote of Ohio gives Robinson, Republican, 340,895; McBride, Democrat, 329,314; Smith, Prohibition, 28,657; Bonsal, Greenback, 1902. Robinson's plurality, 11,581. In 1884 Robinson's plurality for Secretary of State was 11,242. The rest of the Republican State ticket has pluralities ranging from five to six thousand greater than the head of the ticket. The combined majorities in the Congressional Districts will exceed the head of the ticket about 10,000. The total vote in the State is a little over 700,000.

—Jesse H. Lord, one of the contributors to the *Scientific American*, was on the 10th found lying on the grave of his wife, in a cemetery, at Hartford, Connecticut. He had shot himself in the head, inflicting a fatal wound. He was 55 years of age.

—Near Marine, Kansas, on the 5th, Samuel Purple shot and killed his wife, their babe and another child, and wounded his sister-in-law and attempted to strangle a third child. He then started for the house of his wife's parents, but an alarm had been given by his sister-in-law, and, seeing himself frustrated, he went to Jetmore and gave himself up to the authorities. On the 8th he was taken from the jail by a mob and lynched. At St. George de la Beauce, Quebec, on the 9th, a number of young roughs attacked a farmer, named Wintle, in his own house. The farmer seized a rifle and fired at his assailants, but the bullet struck his niece, killing her instantly.

—The November crop report of the Department of Agriculture shows a general average of cotton two or three pounds lower than indicated a month ago. The yield of corn is 22 bushels per acre, making a total product of 1,668,600,000 bushels. The potato crop is the same as last year, averaging 73 bushels per acre, or a total of 163,000,000 bushels. Buckwheat promises 11,000,000 bushels. The yield of tobacco promises to be 485,000,000 pounds, about equal to the average requirements of consumption and exportation. The apparent product of hay is 45,000,000 tons.

—The standard mines, at Mount Pleasant, Penna., have been flooded, and the fires are believed to be under control.

—A telegram from Raleigh says the Senate of North Carolina "stands 27 straight Democrats, 3 Independent Democrats and 20 Republicans. The House, 54 straight Democrats, 9 Independent Democrats and 57 Republicans. No labor candidates were elected.

—A train on the Ducktown branch of the Western North Carolina Railroad was wrecked on the 10th by the spreading of the rails. Three men and a woman were injured.

—It is reported from Plymouth, Michigan, that David Smith, O. McGuyan and Hugh Stewart have been poisoned by drinking beer furnished by Smith. The latter is dead, the others in a critical condition. It is said Smith put poison in the liquor. Alexander Goldenson, aged 19 years, shot and killed "Mamie" Kelly, aged 14, in one of the streets of San Francisco, on the 10th. The girl was "deeply in love with him," and he gave as a reason for the shooting that he "was thoroughly tired of her." Polk Hill, colored, who killed Dewee Bolton, of Courtney, Texas, on election night, was captured on the 10th, while asleep in a cabin near Brenham. "He had eluded the bloodhounds by rubbing his boots with tobacco." To avoid lynching he was lodged in the jail at Cameron.

—When the mail train north on the Buffalo, Rochester and Pittsburg Railroad arrived at Dubois, Penna., on the 11th, the car inspector, while passengers were getting on and off the cars at the depot, discovered three dynamite bombs and caps fastened under the springs of the rear coach. "The bombs were carefully removed, and there were many pale faces among the passengers when they learned the terrible fate they had so narrowly escaped. The train starts from Punxutawney every morning, and it is undoubtedly at that place that the bombs were placed under the springs, as it only makes short stops between there and Dubois. It is twenty miles from the place of starting, and how it was possible for a train to run that distance over short curves with that amount of dynamite and caps under the springs of a coach is a mystery." Thirty-four persons were in the coach. The matter will be investigated.

—William Stephenson and George Havens, injured by the Forcite Powder Works explosion at Lake Hopatcong, New Jersey, died on the 10th. The other two, John Rogers and John Faucher, are in a precarious condition. The boiler of a draining machine in Plaquemines Parish, Louisiana, exploded on the 10th, killing Gabriel Burroughs and dangerously injuring two other men. The boiler was hurled a distance of an eighth of a mile. Edward J. Routley, William Walsh and Joseph Young, fishermen, are believed to have been lost in the recent gale, off Manitoulin Island, Lake Huron.

—Russell Blackstone, aged 17 years, hanged himself in the cellar of his father's grocery at Berlin, Wisconsin, on the 11th. "Despondency" is assigned as the cause.

—The house of Reuben Baker, at Latrobe, Penna., was completely wrecked on the 11th by an explosion of natural gas. The pipes had just been connected and the gas turned on when the explosion took place. None of the family were in the house at the time. The loss is about $10,000.

—Dr. Cyrus Edson, Chief Inspector of the Health Department of New York City, on the evening of the 11th exhibited before the Society of Medical Jurisprudence, a hog full of measles, twin pigs rotten with cholera, and a barrel of "bob veal," all seized on the 11th while being taken into New York for consumption by its citizens.

—The director of the Mint estimates that not less than seven millions of dollars in pennies are now in circulation in the United States. The Philadelphia Mint is now turning out minor coins to the value of $3000 per day, but the demand for such coins is $200,000 ahead of the supply. The amount, however, will soon be made up and the demand fully met.

—Joseph P. Long, dealer in cloaks, of Chicago, made an assignment on the 11th. Liabilities, $83,264. C. Haven Coffin, a shoe manufacturer of Haverhill, Massachusetts, has made an assignment. Liabilities, $75,000.

—A severe snow storm, with a high wind, set in on the 12th, at Columbus, Ohio. At Louisville rain began in the morning, and at noon turned into snow, melting as it fell. Rain has been falling for forty-eight hours at Pittsburg, and there are good prospects of a rise in the rivers and a resumption of navigation, which has been practically suspended since last spring. Enough water is expected to permit of the shipment of nearly ten million bushels of coal to Cincinnati, Louisville and the Southwest.

—George T. Hathaway, the Fall River embezzler, was on the 12th released from the Massachusetts Penitentiary, after having served 8 years of his 10 years' sentence. His good behavior in prison secured commutation.

—There is trouble in Brazoria county, Texas, over the election of Henry Masterson as County Judge. The county, which has a large colored population, usually gives about 700 majority. Masterson, who is the present Judge, and serving a second term, was charged before the election with malfeasance in office. It is said he agreed not to be a candidate for re-election, but violated his promise at the last moment, and, by sending "runners" among the colored voters, carried the county by a small majority. "The taxpayers now threaten to kill Masterson if he attempts to assume the office. Masterson has fled to Houston, but it is reported that he intends to return and take the office.

—At Montreal, on the 12th, in the extradition case of John F. Hoke, the Peoria bank defaulter, F. C. Clarke, one of the Directors, testified that the total amount of Hoke's defalcation was $188,000, of which $78,000 had been taken from the Mechanics' National Bank, the predecessor of the Merchants' National Bank. Clarke also testified that Mrs. Hoke had handed $40,000 to the bank since the defalcation.

—R. A. Miller, owner of a hotel in Pocahontas, Virginia, which was burned on the 3d inst., when the business portion of the town was consumed, has been held in $3000 bail on the charge of having fired his own house and caused the conflagration.

—The county court house at Montevideo, Minnesota, was broken into at 2 o'clock on the morning of the 12th. One end of the brick vault was battered down and the county records was taken. The burglar proof safe of the County Treasurer was also taken. The safe is said to contain considerable money belonging to the county. Madison was voted the county seat at the last election. Governor Hubbard received a telegram from the County Auditor stating that the records were being removed to Madison, and asking for instructions. Governor Hubbard answered: "The County Attorney and Sheriff will be able to secure obedience to the law and the court."

—A mob of one hundred "Bald Knobbers" entered Chadwick, Missouri, at one o'clock on the morning of the 11th, to raid the saloons and pour their stocks of whiskey into the street. While thus engaged the citizens opened fire on the ruffians, and more than one hundred shots were exchanged. Finally the "Bald Knobbers" retreated, carrying off one of their number, dangerously wounded.

—A severe snow storm raged on the night of the 12th and 13th in Northern and Western Pennsylvania and New York, the snow being from three inches to nearly two feet deep on a level, according to locality. At Oswego, New York, the depth on a level was 18 inches, while many of the drifts were six feet. There and at Rochester, the street cars were stopped for hours and travel on all the railroads was interrupted. A similar snow fall was experienced at Geneva and Whitehall. Much damage was done by the high wind at Poughkeepsie and Elmira. On the lakes the storm was violent, and there were several marine disasters. Two barges broke loose from a tug and have not been heard of since; they had twelve men on board. Three freight engines on the Central Vermont road were wrecked in the snow storm on the evening of the 13th near Montpelier. They were a short distance apart when the second engine ran into the first and a third engine ran into the other two and all were ditched. The accident caused a delay of three hours. One brakeman was slightly injured. Two new buildings in Jersey City were demolished by the wind on the night of the 13th. Many chimneys in Jersey City and Hoboken were blown down.

—At Winfield, Kansas, on the 13th, Lilian Quinn shot and mortally wounded Frank F. Lockwood and then committed suicide. It is said she had been betrayed by Lockwood. The house of Benjamin S. Wheeler, in Cleveland, Ohio, was entered on the night of the 12th by burglars, who, after beating the old man into insensibility and choking his aged wife to death, ransacked the premises. Quite a sum of money in a closet escaped the notice of the robbers, and it is not known how much was secured. Patrick Graves, a former tenant, was arrested on the 13th for the crime and Wheeler identified him. William M. Hughes, of Hazleton, Penna., a well-known turfman and politician, quarreled with a man named Wells, on the 13th, near Bloomsburg. Wells knocked Hughes down and was about to kick him, when Hughes drew a pistol and shot his antagonist through the heart. Hughes gave himself up to the Sheriff.

—A fire in Louisville on the 13th burned out Robbinson Brothers' wholesale hardware store and William Cornwallis' wholesale notion store. The losses are estimated at $225,000; insurance, $155,000. During the fire a large cistern full of fowl gas exploded and tore up a large portion of the street, killing one fireman and injuring three others. A fire at New Brighton, Staten Island, on the 13th, destroyed the office of the Staten Island Dyeing Establishment, the press house, dyeing house, frame room and silk house, together with their contents and machinery. The loss is about $100,000.

—During the firing of an election salute in Knoxville, Illinois, on the 13th, a cast-iron cannon burst, killing a young man who was walking along the sidewalk, about two hundred feet from the cannon.

—The Roman Catholic Pro-cathedral of St. Peter, in Allegheny City, Penna., was destroyed by fire on the 13th. The loss is estimated at $130,000; insurance, $40,000. The spire is undamaged, and the walls, lined with brick and cement, remain intact. The edifice will be rebuilt at once. The fire is attributed to the registers becoming overheated from natural gas, which was introduced into the building a week ago.

THE MARKETS

PHILADELPHIA.

Beef		3 @	5¾
Hogs		5¾ @	6¾
Sheep		3 @	6¾
Cotton, Middling		9⅜ @	10
Flour, Western	$ 2 50	@ 4	85
do Pennsylvania	2 25	@ 4	50
Wheat, Western White	0 83	@ 0	85¼
do Pennsylvania	0 82¾	@ 0	87¾
Rye	55	@	55
Oats	34¾	@	35¾
Corn	40	@	43¾
Petroleum	6¾	@	7
do refined	8	@	8¾
Butter	12	@	33
Cheese	5	@	13
Wool, Penna and Ohio	25	@	40
do N. Y. and Western	24	@	40
do Canada	19	@	41
Hops	9	@	18
Provisions—Pork, per bbl	10 00	@	13 00
Beef Hams	7 00	@	21 50
Lard	5¾	@	7
Coffee	10½	@	24
Sugar	4¾	@	5¾
do refined	5¾	@	6
Rice	6	@	7
Fish—Mackerel, mess	26 00	@	35 00
do bay 1s	25 00	@	38 00
Codfish	2 00	@	5 10
Herring	2 50	@	4 50
Straw—Rye	13 00	@	14 00
do Oats	7 00	@	8 10
Hay—Timothy	10 00	@	15 00

NEW YORK.

Flour, Western	$ 2 25	@ 4	85
do Pennsylvania	2 25	@ 4	50
Wheat, Western	0 83	@ 0	85¼
do Penns'y'vania	0 83¾	@ 0	87¾
Cotton, Middling		9¾ @	11
Apples	1 40	@ 2	50
Coffee	10¾	@	24
Sugar	4¾	@	6
Molasses	11	@	52
Petroleum	6¾	@	8¾
Clover Seed	7	@	7¾
Timothy	2 00	@ 2	10

It Might Have Been.

God might have made no gentle flowers
To beautify this world of ours,
And scatter on the summer air
Their wondrous perfume everywhere.

Instead of skies of lovely blue,
They might have borne some gloomy hue,
As though they wore a constant frown,
On us, in anger, looking down.

The grass, now of a pleasant green,
With starry dandelions between,
God could have given some color bright,
Too dazzling for our feeble sight.

And he who sends no gift in vain
Could make mere avenues to pain
Each delicate and subtile sense,
By breath of his omnipotence.

If he had spoken one little word,
Nor air had thrilled with song of bird,
Nor butterfly with wings so bright
Had sported in the golden light;

And all the pleasant sights and sounds
With which this love-crowned earth abounds,
Our eyes, alas, had never seen,
Nor ears had heard—*It might* have been.

A NIGHT AT SEA.

Just off the coast of New Hampshire nine miles out at sea from the charming sleepy old town of Portsmouth, the Isles of Shoals lift their grand, storm-beaten granite ledges alike in clear and cloudy weather, enduring with unmoved serenity all the changes of calm and tempest.

In winter the snow mantles the gray rocks with the purest white, and they lie there, eight white spots in the dull, gray winter sea, under a dull gray winter sky. Then they are desolate indeed cut off from the great, busy world around them, sometimes even from one another, by the wild storm-tossed waves that beat upon their rock-bound coasts as they have beaten for ages.

But in summer, when the sun has had his way and thawed out the ice bound ledges, and warmed up each little crevice and nook, then the stern granite breaks forth into a smile of flowers and tender green. Wherever a handful of earth—a pinch even—can find a lodging place, there shines some unexpected beauty. And the best of it is, that when they have once started the island flowers don't know when to stop blooming, and keep right on in glad, hearty fashion, till winter ends the show with his sharp and cruel breath. They make no account of seasons and the fashions of their inland sisters. The wild rose runs rioting over the rocks, blushing with shy delight in the salt sea air, hobnobbing in easy good fellowship with the golden rod and aster, in utter ignorance that her pale faced sisters of the main land are long ago dust and ashes, and that she ought to be if she cared at all to be "in style."

Down in the narrow clefts where the sea washes in, and in the shallow pools, grow the most brilliant sea plants, lovely with bright brown and green and crimson tints.

But life is not all calm and sunny weather on those stern, gray rocks, and my story is a tale of storm, and calm coming after the storm.

On a jutting headland of Star island, a man stood peering anxiously out into the gathering dusk. His rough, seafaring clothes, and weather beaten, bronzed face plainly showed his calling.

Over in the northeast the clouds had been piling, black and threatening, and the fleet of fishing schooners that every fair morning sail out of the little cove on Star island, had come reeling home before the first blasts of the northeaster.

Dan Ricker had secured his "Seagull," and hastily climbing the nearest high ground, stood gazing with keen and weather-wise eyes, now into the rapidly thickening clouds, and now at the "Seagull" plunging and straining at her cables. With his hands thrust into his pockets, he seemed not to heed the howling, shrieking blasts that swept across the rocks and lashed the waves into a fury. The force of the wind grew stronger each moment, and huge drops of rain came driving before it. A small hand slipped under his arm.

"I saw the Seagull come in, Dan. Are the boats all in?"

Dan threw one arm round the tall, lithe form of the girl, who clung close to him as a fierce blast struck them, threatening to carry even the sturdy fisherman off his feet. The girl gathered her shawl still closer round her head, as the wind howled and roared and shrieked, as if all the fiends of the air had been turned loose to the work of destruction. The raving, dashing waves lifted their crests of foam and hurled themselves against the granite clifts with an ever increasing avalanche of fury. And over and under and through all the roar and rush came a dull undertone of thunder. The girl shuddered. "Hog island was cryin' this afternoon, and Grans says to look out for a storm, there's going to be wild work to-night. Are the boats all in?" she demanded sharply. "Why don't you tell me, Dan? Is father in?"

The girlish face that was turned to the fisherman was young and pretty, though browned and freckled with the sun and wind, but there was a strained anxious look in the clear, gray eyes, and lines of care too deeply indented in her forehead to be accounted for by the trouble of the moment.

And was there not cause? Was she not a fisherman's daughter and a fisherman's sweetheart? To stand upon the shore and strain eyes and hearts too, watching for a father and brother, sweetheart, husband and son, and to pray that the white sails, which come flying in before the dreaded northeaster may reach the little harbor before the waves run too high for them to enter—that is the common lot of the women of Star Island. Poor wives and mothers! they know only too well what it is to watch the swaying masts of the schooners anchored under the lee of the island when the waves form an impassable barrier to the safe shelter of the cove.

Tossed by the rough sea, cold, wet hungry and sleepless, the men ride out the storm, while the night blots out the slender masts from the sight of the anxious women who stand in desolate groups upon the shore. They cannot tell from hour to hour whether the strain of wind and wave may not prove too strong for the cables, then destruction is sure, as the treacherous rocks of the New Hampshire coast bear ample evidence.

The women cry out in despair and wring their hands, and the wind roars and drowns their cries, and the rain drives them indoors to watch and pray till day comes and shows them their treasures. No wonder they are white-haired and old before their time, for the terror of the ocean is always before them.

But the men love the sea, and they love their boats, their graceful white-winged schooners that fly at command ever the rippling, sunlit waves, or "tough it out" in storms, and bring them in their daily "fare of fish."

But to-night the little hamlet on Star island may rest peacefully as the boats are all riding safely in the cove.

Dan turned srom watching the Seagull. "I don't know," he said with the deliberate drawl of the Yankee fisherman, "whe'r or no she's goin' to stand. She's a pretty piece of wood, but she won't never ride this safe. I'm a goin' out to her, she's hove too short,"

"O Dan, not to-night—she'll tough it out—she alwus has," Nabby pleaded with her woman's logic, catching her lover's arm to detain him.

But he shook her off roughly though not unkindly, and ran down the steep path to the strip of white beach that bordered the cove. Nabby hurried after him and gave a half suppressed cry as he sprang into his dory, and hastily rowed out toward the tossing Seagull.

"Go in out of the rain, Nabby," called out the gruff voice of her father, from a little group of fishermen standing at one of the fish houses. "It's blowin' great guns to-night," he added to the men, "an' Dan'll find it pretty resky,"—but the next moment he and all the other men who were scattered along the beach joined in the shrill cry of the girl.

Down swooped the hurricane, and caught the dory, and whirled it away as a dead leaf is blown over the plains. The horror-stricken people who rushed out of the cottages, and gathered upon the more sheltered outlooks gave Dan up for lost as he was soon swept beyond their sight.

Two or three sympathizing neighbors drew the sobbing Nabby away with them, and the storm drove even the men to the shelter of their homes, all the sooner perhaps that Dan's family lived upon the main land. The attraction of Nabby Varney's pretty face had led him to cast his lot in with the Shoalers.

What of Dan? Driven and tossed over that whirling and tossing sea, he gave himself up for lost. Still a strong man will struggle for life even when the struggle is hopeless. And above the tumult, and roar and terror, sounded even in his ears a cry, and that cry nerved him to efforts when strength and courage failed.

The oars had been torn from his grasp. If he had had them they would have been useless. Alone in a little boat on the angry sea, he set himself to the task—no easy or certain one—of keeping the dory afloat and right side up. Tying himself with a loose rope that was aboard so that he could not be tossed out he bailed for dear life. It was all he could do. All that terrible night, driven he knew not where—drenched with every wave—tossed from billow to billow—he endured and bailed.

The blackest night ends at last in morning, and to the involuntary voyager the sun came up, and the wind went down, and there before him the early sunlight was gilding the steeples of his native town of York, on the cost of Maine.

Dan Ricker, drenched and haggard, walked into his father's house in time for breakfast.

Hungry?

The Ricker family just stood around, with open and empty mouths, while the mother piled Dan's plate again and again. The home folks devoured his tale that day, and Dan made away with the breakfast.

This world fares on in a prosaic fashion after all, and people must go the way of the world. The morning train rolling through York took up Dan, dressed in dry clothes and showing no signs of his terrible experience, and dropped him at the station at Portsmouth. The steamer Appledore going out on the morning trip with the daily crowd of excursionists landed him a Star by dinner time.

Somehow real life is not so romantic as the story teller would have us to believe. It would be more "artistic" to overturn the dory, and break Nabby's heart, and depict a heartrending scene when a ghastly corpse was washed upon the beach. There were two strong objections to such a finis. Sunburnt Nabby, strong and lithe, was far too tough to kill easily, and strange as it may seem, the true ending really pleased her.

She was very well satisfied when Dan strode into her father's cottage followed by half the astonished villagers, who welcomed him as one risen from the bottom of the sea.

And Dan appeared to be satisfied too—it sounded as if he was.

GROTESQUE DWARFED TREES

Arts of the Chinese Landscape Gardener.—Pigmy Bearers of Fruits and Flowers.

"Melican man him heap smart; him makee tlee glow velly big. Him no savee makee tlee glow little. Chinee-man do that; me tlell you how do that," said Hop Low, a Chinese landscape gardener freshly arrived from the Pacific slope, in answer to inquiries about the peculiar dwarfed trees shown in Chinese garden scenes.

"Chinaman him makee tlee any shape him wants," continued the speaker "likee bell, likee closs, likee man's hand. Me makee olange tlee likee man's hand in China. When him old him no bigger than this," said the gardener, holding his hand about two feet from the floor, "and him havee nice glood olanges on him. Me makee oak tlee just likee sammee."

The celestial who seemed to be in a communicative mood unusual with his race, went on to say that the dwarfed oak bore acorns and that its wood was just like a tree of natural size. Citron and bamboo trees were also dwarfed and for this purpose the luchee tree was a favorite.

"How is this dwarfing accomplished?" was asked.

"Him velly easy," was the reply, and the speaker described the process, which consists briefly in covering a branch of a full grown tree with mold and binding the same on tightly with a cloth or matting of some kind which is kept constantly soaked with water. The fibers of the branch thus covered soon shoot into the mold. The branch is then carefully cut from the tree, and after the bandage is taken off it is planted in new earth. The fibers then become roots and thus that which was a branch on the parent tree becomes a trunk, bearing flowers and fruit. The buds at the extremities of the branches which are intended to be dwarfed are torn off as soon as they appear, and by this means the growth of the branches is arrested and other buds and branches shoot out. After a certain time sugar water is applied to the trunk of the dwarfed tree, and by this means insects are attracted which wound the bark and give it the knotted appearance peculiar to old trees. When it is intended to give any peculiar form to a tree the branches are bent into the shape and retained in it by means of pieces of bamboo.

It is said that bamboo trees scarcely four feet high are frequently distorted to represent dragons and other fanciful creatures dear to the Chinese imagination. These the informant above had never seen, but he smiled blandly and said: "China gleat clountlie," and shouted after the scribe:

"You clomee black aglain, me tellee you slome more."

He has been brought to Chicago for the purpose of exercising his fantastic skill upon some of the handsome north side and suburban grounds.

A Negro Prince.

London is shortly to be honored with the visit of a really black prince, blacker than Cetewayo. His name is most euphonious, such as Theodore Hook himself would have delighted in Diaoulok Karamokoko. He is the son of the great Senegalese Emperor Samory. His age is but 18. His tastes toward European ladies are said to be barbaric. His stay in Paris, where he was the admired of all admirers, who were legion, may account for this. He takes a most intelligent interest, it is said, in all he sees, and his observations prove him to be possessed of good mental qualities. His manners are gentle and affable. He wears the national costume, consisting of loose pantaloons, a silken vest, and a cloak of rich velvet, purple in hue. A sort of silver tissue smoking-cap forms his head-dress. Like the late King Cetewayo, Diaoulok Karamokoko keeps a diary. An enterprising Parisian editor has seen this naturally remarkable production, and it is rumored has even obtained permission from this affable prince to publish extracts from it.

He who provides for this life, but takes no care for eternity, is wise for a moment, but a fool forever, and acts as untoward and crossly to the reason of things as can be imagined.

But little do men perceive what solitude is, and how far it extends. For a crowd is no company; men's faces are but like pictures in a gallery, and talk but a tinkling cymbal where there is no love.

Compensation.

I like these stormy days that come
And shut us in safe with ourselves;
With gray skies overhead and soft-toned rain,
Whose steady drip is like to distant music's undertone;
Then, safe within the quiet room,
My thought and I fear not to meet,
To own myself the other's guest,
And rest at ease with converse rare.
But not to seek with far-off quest
The best of other countries fair;
But quietly to note the rain,
The picture on the further wall,
The carpet's warm yet soft-toned hue;
My thought and I are one again.
No discord frets us with its sting,
We each our treasures gladly bring
Of laughter light, of sunny days,
I give my guest no quick reproof,
And he—he does not stand aloof,
But flings his idle fancies free;
And when I follow quick to seize
The sunshine and the depth I see;
Thought smiles, but stops eluding me,
And then I once more heed the rain,
And sit content, content to wait;
What mind we though the days grow late,—
It goes to bring another day.

FOR WANT OF A NAIL.

Mr. Bilkins is a most accommodating neighbor. All last winter, when Squire Prescott's family were in Europe, he went over their house every day to see that it was as they left it, and took such care of the stock that the squire said he thought it would pay him to stay away. The squire brought back some additions to the farm; among others a fine Guernsey cow—Queen Bess—and her calf. The latter they named Princess. The two were the admiration of the farmers for miles around. They had more faith in this living stock than in any to be purchased off a broker.

When the Princess was six weeks old, the squire called Mr. Bilkins in, as he was passing, and, to his astonishment made him a present of her.

So along the country road, shortly after, Mr. Bilkins joyfully wended his way, leading by a rope the baby of Queen Bess. She proved to be very frolicsome and headstrong; what with her jumping, tugging and pulling, her new master had a trial indeed.

But although breathless, Mr. Bilkins did not lose his patience; triumph beamed from every line of his perspiring face. It added to his pleasure to meet several farmer friends who, recognizing the royal beauty, asked facetiously if he was stealing the squire's calf. Mr. Bilkins explained, with becoming modesty, how he came to be the owner of such a valuable bit of beef. So, although attended with some difficulty, Mr. Bilkins' progress homeward was a sort of triumphal march, with variations—according to the mood of the Princess.

He entered his own yard with the air of a conquerer. He hastened towards the great barn, intending to fasten his uneasy prize to a post till he could prepare a pen, and thus transfer the strain from muscle to insensate wood.

It happened that Mrs. Bilkins was in the barn when he arrived, and also Orrin, the hired man. The latter was examining a broken frame on which was stretched Mrs. Bilkins' latest work of art in rags, a hooked-in mat. The design was a wonderful garland of flowers—whose roses Orrin stupidly mistook for colored cabbages—in the midst of which a yellow cat reposed.

As this masterpiece was to compete for a prize at the next "cattle-show," Mrs. Bilkins hoped Orrin could repair the frame. He said he could. Indeed, Orrin never acknowledged that anything was beyond his ability. He had even taken the old clock to pieces when it stopped; but assurance would not put it together again without the aid of knowledge, and he was forced to wheel it to town. As he lost a part of the machinery on the way, it cost not a little money. Mrs. Bilkins' faith in Orrin never recovered from that shock.

That was why she lingered, resolved that he should not get her mat-frame into a worse condition, and why she was present when her spouse made his hasty entrance. She shared his delight, declaring she didn't know when she'd seen such a beautiful bossy.

"It orter be!" said Orrin, with his inimitably profound air. "It's the real Gun'sy; wuth a big price amongst any o' them fancy farmers."

Mr. Bilkins turned the Princess over to Orrin. And then occurred something that Mrs. Bilkins always connect the arrival of the foreign scion with rag mats. For somehow, in the transfer, the calf executed a new manœuvre, got away, and plunged into the frame. There was a crash and a feminine shriek as the Princess danced off in it. When at length the garland and the pussy were handed to Mrs. Bilksns, she had given up all hope of obtaining the prize.

A little pen, labelled by Orrin, "Gunsy princess," now became the home of the calf.

She held quite a court there, for every one who called at the farm must see the squire's gift. Experts said she would make a most valuable cow, a prospect that greatly helped Mr. Bilkins bear with the foreigner, as daily her activities strengthened in the wrong direction. She had a chronic habit of jumping over walls, and preferred to browse in a neighbor's garden to the finest pasture. Almost daily Orrin cried, "That 'ere Gunsy's got out agin!"

Then, after a prolonged chase, Mr. Bilkins would appear in the kitchen, sink into the nearest chair, wipe his heated brow, and tell his wife, confidentially, that if he'd known that calf was going to be such a pester, he "wouldn't have taken her for a gift!"

When this selfish baby was eight months old, Mr. Bilkins was called upon by a stock-dealer, who was passing through the town, and who asked if he would sell the calf.

"I've thought sometimes I might," said Mr. Bilkins. "But anybody that wants that calf 's got to pay for it!"

His emphasis hinted at a large sum. He repeated the sentence several times before he would give his figures. Finally he offered the Princess for seventy-five dollars, declaring he knew it was a large sum, but she was a real Guernsey. The dealer departed, saying he would let him know in a few days.

Very soon Mr. Bilkins received this brief letter:

"MR. BILKINS—I accept your offer. Will take calf at $75. F. O. B. cars, Boston."

That "F. O. B." was the subject of Mr. Bilkins' frequent conjectures, until he found that it meant 'Free on Board' the cars.

"Who'd a thought it!" exclaimed Mrs. Bilkins, when the mysterious characters were explained to her. "Well, be you a-going to run the resk o' getting that highty-tighty acrost the city? Orrin'll have to go, and that's an extra expense."

Mr. Bilkins, having already settled these points, indulged in a little masculine sarcasm at his wife's expense. "He'd look pretty," he said, "wouldn't he, cantering through Boston hanging on to that calf? No, sir! that Guernsey was going to be boxed up so she'd have to ride as quiet as a lamb."

Carpenter Simons was called in to estimate the cost. He wanted ten dollars to make the box in shape, and furnish the lumber. Mr. Bilkins labored with him, but he would take no less.

"He's jest bleeding on us," said Orrin, who saw a chance to cover himself with glory. "I'd resk it but I can get up as good a box as Simons."

So Orrin got the job. Mr. Bilkins silencing his wife's misgivings by showing her that their hired man would thus save them nearly a month's wages. They now planned a rude sort of cage, in one end of which was a door that could be raised for the entrance of the Princess.

Unfortunately for the plan, Mr. Bilkins let Orrin do the measuring—Mrs. Bilkins should have attended to that herself. Orrin's standard for determining the length of the Princess was the rake-handle. He carefully marked the length with his thumb; but while going from the barn to the box, somebody spoke to him, his thumb moved, a small circumstance in Orrin's estimation; he guessed he knew pretty near where the place was, and, re-instating the mark, went confidentially to work.

Another small circumstance—the nails gave out! But Orrin triumphed over the imminent prospects of waiting while he went to the store, by using what he called "butts," or parts of nails.

"Some folks'd sink right back'd do nothin' 'cause their nails had gin out," said Orrin. "You've got to have some contrivance if you're going to rush things!"

The box being done, Mr. Bilkins prepared himself for the trip. It was an event, as he had not been to Boston for years. Mrs. Bilkins got his "stove-pipe hat" down from the top of the closet. It was four years behind the times, but after being well-polished with her elbow, it covered—in her eyes—her husband with becoming dignity. As far as possible, everything was made ready for the night before, as Mr. Bilkins must take an early train.

In the morning he arrayed himself in his best before boxing up the calf, that he might not keep her waiting. As it had become generally known that the young Guernsey was going to leave town, old Deacon Grant and several of the neighbors dropped in. After a critical survey of the box, the former said:

"This 'ere 'll be a pretty tight squeeze, Bilkins; you'd ought to make this a grain bigger."

It was in the middle of the barn-floor, and the Princess let out. Orrin went to the front and thrust some corn through to tempt Miss Bossy to enter the rear. But she didn't like the looks of things, and refused, firmly bracing her aristocratic hoofs.

Mr. Bilkins said he thought she'd go if he pushed a little. So he and Deacon Grant attempted it.

But the calf backed suddenly, sending both into the meal-chest, and escaped to the barn-yard, where she cut up many new capers. When at length she was caught, the cage proved to be, as the deacon thought, rather short; for after Orrin let down the door, and the Princess had accommodated herself to straightened circumstances, she looked something like a young camel.

"I told ye so!" said the deacon.

"Well, I guess she'll stand it!" said Mr. Bilkins. "It's only two hours' ride. Orrin he's going to the depot. I'll have to handle her myself in Boston. Got to get her acrost the city, too!"

A little later Mr. Bilkins and the calf were traveling together in the freight car. Arriving at Boston, Mr. Bilkins bargained with a teamster to carry this odd freight to the Albany Station.

"This box is pretty shaky," said the man, when they took it off the car.

Mr. Bilkins explained that they didn't think the calf would be so heavy, as they lifted one end of the box upon the wagon; but just then the engine's shriek frightened the expressman's horse. He moved despite several frantic yells from the cage-bearers, and down it went on the pavement, knocking out one end. The Princess began to back out, Mr. Bilkins and the teamster tried to push her in, but her royal will was aroused, she retrograded with such force and rapidity that Mr. Bilkins was pushed violently against the building, and the Guernsey was free in the streets of Boston!

Away she scampered along Canal street, every teamster she passed giving an inspiring cheer. Mr. Bilkins rushed after, ploughing through the mud, utterly indifferent to his best black suit, one thought uppermost in his distracted mind—the calf must be delivered at the Albany depot, properly boxed.

As Mr. Bilkins rushed along, in his antiquated suit, high dicky, and beaver set on the back of his head, it would have been difficult to decide which looked the wilder—Mr. Bilkins or the calf.

Before they had gone many rods a large number of people joined in the race. The calf ran swiftly on without a pause, until she met a horse-car. This was something new; the Princess stopped short.

With a gleam of satisfaction in his eye—the "I have you now!" expression—Mr. Bilkins stretched forth both hands to grasp her; but the Princess dodged him, and was upon the sidewalk and away again. Everybody cleared the track as if they thought a mad dog was coming.

The second thing that arrested the Princess was the brilliantly painted figure of an Indian holding a tomahawk. Again Mr. Bilkins hoped, grasped and missed, the Guernsey eluding him by turning a short corner.

Now it chanced that an old fruit-dealer was sweeping around his stand, with his back towards them. The Princess brushed past him with her utmost momentum; before he realized what struck him he threw up both hands and fell against the corner of his fruit-stand, upsetting it.

Mr. Bilkins saw it all in one agonized glance, as he sped by after his property, who had now turned into an alley.

Presently he saw a new danger for the valuable calf—a policeman at the end of the passage-way, who, beholding her approach with a shouting crowd in pursuit, evidently took it to be a case of hydrophobia that ought to be exterminated. This fact flashed into Mr. Bilkins' mind as he saw him take a firm stand with upraised club. He felt that it would surely descend fatally upon the skull of the Princess, and all the golden possibilities of her future would be extinguished forever, and she be worth only the price per pound of ordinary veal.

"Wait! Hold on! Don't spoil the critter!" he shoted.

The officer did not hear, but braced himself for the conflict. The Princess seemed to reason that retreat was cut off by the crowd, and with a valor worthy of herself charged at the enemy in front.

She was too quick for him; his warlike attitude suddenly collapsed; for a few seconds he seemed to be riding the calf backwards, while the crowd roared with laughter, then he fell to the ground.

At the end of the alley was a large provision store. Rather than enter the noisy street, the Princess ran in there, making straight for the opposite door, which was then wide open.

She avoided instinctively the rows of baskets for customers, containing meat, vegetables, butter and eggs, and might have got out without damaging anything if an old lady who was leaving had not closed the door after her.

Little did the good dame think, as she walked slowly homeward, after ordering the dinner, what a whirlwind she let loose in the quiet shop by just shutting the door. For it threw the Guernsey into a panic of fright; she whirled about to retrace her steps, heard her pursuers, and became almost frantic. Her hoofs stamped choice butter, and crushed several parcels of eggs, to the horror of the provision dealer, who kept shouting:

"Somebody's got to pay for this!"

This ended the race of the Princess, for Mr. Bilkins very soon secured her, and was trying to explain matters satisfactorily to the bespattered policeman.

"What does this mean, sir?" asked the officer. "We can't have calves running loose in the streets of Boston!"

"I hadn't no idea she'd get loose. Why, we boxed her up ourselves, Orrin—that's my hired man—and me. Calc'lated to get her through in good shape; got a man here in Boston to carry her acrost, and if the cars hadn't tooted and started the horse and upset the box, and there'd been better nails 'stead 'o Orrin's butts, we wouldn't a been here. I wouldn't had it happen for a five dollar bill!"

"Five dollars!" said the store keeper. "I want that for the damage done here!"

"I can't be responsible for what the critters done."

"It's your calf, isn't it?" answered the store keeper. "Course you're responsible, but I'll figure the thing down fine; I don't want to make anything out of you."

He hastily estimated the cost as three dollars and ninety-four cents. Mr. Bilkins was paying this when the fruit vender appeared, breathless and angry.

"Dot beast smashed mine whole peesness! Somepody's dot to pay for dis; must have five dollar!"

Mr. Bilkins finally settled with him for three dollars and also gave the policeman two dollars, which so mollified that worthy that he assisted in getting the calf into the expressman's hands again.

When she was secured by a strong rope, Mr. Bilkins wiped his heated brow and prepared to consult his ancient silver watch. It was gone, lost in his great run! He told the bystanders, mournfully, that he wouldn't have taken fifty dollars for it, as it was his grandfather's.

"What kind of a watch was it?" inquired the officer. "It may be handed in. I'll take your address and let you know if it does up."

"I'll be obleeged, an' ye shan't lose nothing," said Mr. Bilkins, fervently. "Well, it had a large sized silver case; was an English pinch-back; had one o' them ring chains and ornamunt. Well, good-bye, friend, one and all."

Mr. Bilkins rode away. He was not seen by any of his acquaintances for two days. Then he arrived at his own farm, a wiser man by the various experiences he had passed through. This rapidly acquired knowledge had cost him, besides the watch, thirty-four dollars and eighteen cents, he having brought home out of the seventy-five dollars but forty-five dollars and eighty-two cents.

"I can put my finger on the weak-spot of the whole thing," he told Orrin. "We started wrong. It was those butts of your'n. It don't do to use poor nails. The next time we sell a calf, I propose to have a regular man make the box, and have no more measuring with rake-handles!"

—A marked feature of ceremonious dresses is the laying of light, semi-transparent fabrics over heavy ones. Laces, white and black, including the point d'esprit nets, are familiar examples of this. In addition are the old-fashioned bareges, restored to favor, embroidered muslins, veilings and albatross cloths. Bright-colored Sicilliennes and satins will be used under these light fabrics by young, and gray, lilac and other subdued shades by older women.

SERVE fried oysters with a gravy made from hot water and the drippings of the pan they are fried in, and send to table with a bordering of mashed potato.

A STREET CORNETIST.

A Man Who Makes a Fair Living at His Vocation.

What Brooklynite happening in the vicinity of the City Hall daily has failed to notice a tall, well-dressed individual carrying a cornet under his arm? If the observer be curious and take the pains to watch the owner of the cornet he will find that musician, for such he is, will take a position in Fulton street, between Adams street, and Myrtle avenue, and after many flourishes will play the opening notes of some popular melody of the day. A reporter, in company with a score of idlers, listened to the street musician, while he performed selections from the "Mikado" and "La Traviata." The impromptu concert was not confined to popular music, by any means. When the cornetist had worked the block for all it was worth he made his way to a neighboring saloon, where he was found by the reporter seated at a table, quaffing a glass of beer with apparent relish. He said:

"Two years ago I was a member of a theater orchestra in New York, but losing my position and being at my wits' end to earn a living, I concluded to try the 'street act.' Does it pay? Well, yes; although I suppose a steady job would pay better. When in an orchestra I received $30 per week, but in the summer have made nearly twice that sum in the same space of time. I have just returned from a tour of the watering places. In Saratoga I passed two weeks, during which I made $95. I put up at a cheap boarding house and saved my money. At Long Branch I didn't do so well, but managed to pay expenses. Street cornet playing is no novelty, but yet many men seem to make a fair living at it."

"Are all street musicians artists?"

"Not by any means. The larger part of the violinists, harpists and cornetists playing in the street are 'hamfats.' But two street cornetists whom I know ever played in orchestras. While I find Brooklynites very generous I always make more money in Wall street. For the past two months I have visited Wall, New and Broad streets almost daily. The brokers having nothing to do in the summer congregate on the sidewalks and hall with delight the coming of the street cornetist. Sometimes in Wall street I have played to an audience of 500 brokers and their clerks. Money? Well, I should think so. Last Friday I collected $8 in twice that number of minutes."

The thought that his musical qualities were at least appreciated on that occasion made the cornetist smile, and he condescendingly allowed the reporter to "set 'em up again." Exhibiting his brass cornet the street musician continued:

"I had that instrument specially made for me. You see it is larger than the ordinary cornet and gives a bigger volume of sound. It is necessary to have such an instrument for street purposes. The constant passing of trucks lessens the sound of the lower notes of the cornet. I seldom play anything of a classical nature unless requested to, although I am perfectly competent to do so. Beside, classical music isn't popular. I find that old familiar songs and waltzes are better appreciated. "Nancy Lee," "Home, Sweet Home," "Molly Darling," and similar compositions never seem to tire the people. In many of the poorer districts my cornet is enjoyed, I can tell you. My customers are not confined to the wealthy. You smile when I say customers. Probably you think I don't have such things. I know of two little children living in Montague street who look forward to my coming each week with a great deal of pleasure. They save up their pennies for me and I am always sure of a quarter and a hearty welcome in that street, at least.

"Am I married? Yes, and live in Brooklyn. I support my wife and four children nicely from the earnings gained by my cornet. The life of a street musician is an independent one. He can work when he pleases, and is not restricted as to his territory. When Brooklyn and the adjacent cities become unproductive, I propose to move my family to Chicago. I learn that the west has not yet been visited by street cornetists. In rainy weather I stay home and help my wife tend the babies. The liquor stores are great temptations to street musicians. Many proprietors of liquor stores appreciate music, and seldom refuse to patronize street musicians, but their appreciation shows itself in the shape of drinks and cigars, and not money. If a man is naturally inclined to drink, he will soon become a drunkard, if he accepts every drink offered him. In winter I don't make so much money as in the summer, but manage to save enough during the warm weather to help me bridge over the cold."

—Mr. Haggin, having purchased during the season the broodmares Maud Hampton and Explosion, has not sent them to California, but left them in Kentucky, the former to be bred back to King Ban, with the hope of getting another King Fox, while Explosion is returned to Falsetto in hopes of getting another Dewdrop.

—There will be less changes next season among the trainers than has been the case for a long time. Mr. Huggins will remain with The Bard and Chesterbrook. Mr. Littlefield will continue with Preakness, assisted by Feakes, as will Pincus, with Mr. Belmont; McCabe, with Dwyer Brothers; Stewart, with Appleby; Rowe, with "the Fairfax Diamonds;" Rogers, with Captain Brown; McClelland, with Baldwin; while Matt Byrnes will handle Mr. P. Lorillard, Jr.'s, lot. The only change of any importance is in Mr. Withers' stable. Mr. Riley will sever his connection with it, after ten years service. Who will succeed him as trainer to "the Gentleman in Black" is not settled. Mr. Withers offered the place, it is stated, to Walter Rollins, but the latter had already made arrangements for a public stable at Fordham. As to Barbee, he has resigned "the Fairfax Diamonds" and resumed the role of trainer for Mr. Gebhard, and is getting a nice stable together at Jerome Park.

HORSE NOTES.

—Governor Stanford has 264 mares on his Palo Alto farm in California.

—Trouble, the once famous steeplechaser, now pulls a cart through the streets of Saratoga.

—Jockey Garrison rode three winners—his only mounts—on the second day of the Washington meeting.

—Garrison and Church, the heavy and light-weight jockeys, will probably ride for S. S. Brown next season.

—George Efner, of Buffalo, has sold to James W. Whitney, of Rochester, a 3-year-old filly, by Sherman, for $2500 cash.

—R. B. Conklin has sold to C. W. Reagan, of St. Albans, Vt., the b. s. Sheldrake, foaled 1885, by King Wilkes, dam Grace Rogers, for $2000.

—Captain Bruce, of New York, has broken his 3 year-old filly Listell to harness. She has fine trotting action, and can go close to 3 minutes.

—It is said that colts raised on a light sandy soil appear to lack the strength and muscular development of those of the same age reared in Kentucky.

—J. L. Case will winter his trotting stock at Racine, but in the spring the string, with Phallas at the head, will be moved to Glenview, his recently acquired Kentucky farm.

—August Belmont, Jr., amused the people at the New York Horse Show recently by tumbling and pitching with Lady Evelyn over hurdles in the ring. He should make a good circus performer.

—S. D. Shipman, who, for more than twenty-five years, has been with Mr. Backman at Stony Ford, Orange county, N. Y., died at that place on October 26. Mr. Shipman was well known to horsemen.

—It is estimated that the average cost of rearing a yearling thoroughbred is not more than $250. The average price realized for the 463 head sold at auction this year was $783, which leaves a handsome profit.

—Eighty head of thoroughbreds, comprising the horses in training and yearlings of the Melbourne Stable, of Mr. R. C. Pate, Messrs. Chinn & Morgan and other gentlemen, will be sold at Lexington, Ky., on December 15.

—John S. Campbell, the former driver of Richball, the pacer, will take in the Texas circuit with the runners Berlin, Elsie B. and Ligan, probably winding up at New Orleans, leaving Jim Gray, Punka and the remainder of the Campbell and Fenton strings to winter at Memphis.

—The Bard has won eight consecutive races. His record for the season is eleven victories, with gross winnings amounting to $43,180, a larger amount than has been won by any horse this year, and $13,000 more than Wanda won in 1885, she being the largest individual winner last season.

—The sale of thoroughbred yearlings the past season has been enormous. No less than 463 head were disposed of at public auction, and the aggregate realized was $362,484 an average of $732.-90. This far overlaps 1885, when 343 yearlings sold for $246,486, an average of $701.12. This year the get of 11 stallions averaged over $1000. The young stallion Falsetto really leads the column for 1886, with an average of $1607.50 for 20 head. It is the best average ever made by a stallion in this country, for so great a number of yearlings is not calculated to help the average, as there are chances of inferior ones selling so low as to injure it. But the lowest prices paid was $400, while 13 of them sold for four figures. The transcendent form of Dewdrop, coupled with the high character of the performance of Rupert and Jennie Treacy, have given this young stallion a prestige second to no horse in America. Ten Broeck's average is $1550 for 3 head, King Alfonso's $1405 for 16 head, and Billet's $1451.56 for 16 head. Spendthrift has followed up his success of 1885 with $1477.27 for 11, which is particularly large, considering that 10 of them were fillies. King Ban, too, is now in strong favor, as his $1220.27 for 16 show, and with two such colts as Ban Fox and King Fox he is safe for great things next season. Onondaga also went up high with $1282.14 for 14 head, considering that his get were practically untried at the time of the sale. Longfellow got well up through his Nevada filly, which sold for $3000.

In 1877 Lexington appeared to be the most popular stallion. Five of his get were offered at Woodburn—the last of the get of the old horse—and they averaged $1379. In 1878 Virgil was in great force, and led the stallions with an average of $1215.83 for six head. In 1879 the last of the get of Australian were offered at Woodburn, 4 head, and they averaged $1400—the best of the year. The season of 1880 was marked by poor sales. Glenelg leading, with an average of $644.41 for 14 head. But in 1881 the prices leaped up higher than ever before. Mr. Keene was in the market as a leading buyer, and the success of the American horses in England gave a great stimulus to racing matters. Bonnie Scotland's last lot came to the hammer, and Luke Blackburn's great performances the year before had given them such prestige that turfmen gathered at Belle Meade and fairly fought for them. 11 head of Bonnie's averaging $1913.65, the best of the year, while 16 head of King Alfonso's brought an average of $1564.37, and 10 Glenelgs $1336.15. The prices remained good in 1882, King Alfonso leading with an average $1303.42 for 19 head, while in 1883 Glenelg led with $1336.15 for 13, Virgil second with $1253.33 for 15, and Monarchist $1120.-28 for seven. In 1884 Billet went to the front, Miss Woodford, Barnes and Runnymede having made his yearlings in great demand, and 20 of them sold for an average of $1584.61; Longfellow next, with an average of $1112.-50 for 4, Blue Mantle being third, with $1031 for 5 head. In 1885 Spendthrift led the sires with an average of $2082.-50 for 10 head. Lisbon was third, with $1391.60 for 3 colts, and Billet next, with $1091.66 for 12. Norfolk had $1034.16 for 6 and Virgil $1024.47 for 19.

FASHION NOTES.

—Velvet may almost be said to be the leading feature in the winter's styles. On plain suits are seen collars, cuffs and revers; in more elaborate ones, panels, skirts, basques, Fedora jackets and coats. It appears in combination with all kinds of wool and silk.

—One of the new shades for autumn is a handsome Vandyke brown of a rich sheeny hue, blending well with either of the new shades of Marlborough red, marine-blue, or the oriental stripes and plaids in their intricate and inimitable commingling of scarlet, green and gold.

—Another prominent characteristic that is especially important is the great variety of corsages of all sorts which are to be worn with skirts of different materials. There will be an unusual demand for silk materials in small quantities for these jackets, basques and coats. Velvet, plush, satin and rich black silks will be especially popular for them.

—There are no marked changes in the manner of making new dresses; their novelty consists in small details, in new colors, and in odd ways of combining various fabrics. Basques with vests and revers are retained, also long bouffant draperies with either plain or plaited skirts, and as these were all worn last winter it will not be difficult or expensive to rearrange the dresses of last season and give them a new and stylish appearance.

—Rich embroideries in imitation of Hungarian work are made of flat silk gimp and raised designs in tufted chenille. Bands of this decorate the skirt, sleeves and basque front. Other new embroideries are in velvet applique on cloth, the work in raised silk outlined with beads or metallic threads. Panels for handsome silk and satin dresses are bordered with Renaissance designs in satin-stitch embroidery, intermixed with plush flowers in relief.

—One of the fashionable corsages which is likely to prove very popular in evening dress is made of black silk velvet, opening broadly half the length of the front over a chemisette *Russe* of richest white lace. There are merely wide straps of black velvet which go over the shoulders with a dainty fall of lace beneath them simply to veil the top of the arm. The back is cut down slightly in a V-shape and ends in a very short "bird's tail" postillon with a fan of lace set between the two plaits. This corsage can be worn over skirts of any rich description.

—The first characteristic in the new fashions abroad is the rarity of costumes made entirely of one plain material (except, of course, in mourning). The utility tailor-made suits are, to some extent, an exception, but even these have often elaborate trimmings of velvet, and vest of various kinds of bright or light silks, crapes, etc. They are made of light-weight wools rather than heavy cloths. Next come the combination wool dresses. These are of the handsome striped goods (the stripes either horizontal or perpendicular) with plain fabrics.

—Very stylish toilets are made in the Louis XV style. The skirt front, or tablier, is of lace, fully gathered around the waist, and trimmed across with two plaited ruches of ribbon. This skirt front is placed over an underskirt of faded rose silk; a tunic skirt of silk brocade in a rich floral pattern opens over this skirt front, it is looped up at the sides with flowing bows of ribbon, and fully puffed out at the back; peaked bodice, opened in a square in front, and trimmed with ribbon ruches; sleeves short to the elbow, and trimmed with ruches and lace frillings.

—One promenade costume is made of a blue woolen goods with a border. The left side is trimmed with a panel ornamented with plush ribbons placed lengthwise. In front is a double-plaited skirt, raised on the left side so as to join the back overskirt, which is also plaited. The corsage is double-breasted, and on its right side, descends in an embroidered panel and buttons underneath from one side to the lining of the other. The back is scalloped and trimmed with embroidered ornaments. The straight collar hooks on the left side and is trimmed with embroidery. Another is of check wool goods in red and seal-colored stripes. The false skirt is covered in front with a narrow tablier, over which is a plaited drapery raised on the left side under a sort of redingote. The fronts fall loose and open over a double-breasted vest of English crape. White metal buttons trim the front and border of the redingote. The panel on the right side follows the plaits of the tablier, but has no buttons. The back drapery falls in graceful puffs, and is in two plaits. Another is of faille and seal-colored satin. The skirt is of seal-colored faille, draped in its back in plaits and a plain panel in front. The panel, having a narrow plaiting at the border, is surrounded by three rows of silk scallops. The skirt is completed on the left side with a plaited panel of embossed velvet; a drapery forming a round tablier is joined to the panel of the top, and crosses over and is held on the other side; then ascends over the back of the skirt, forming a cascade. The corsage is of seal-colored satin, and opens like a shawl over a plastron of embossed velvet, trimmed with a plaited vest of faille, having a double row of buttons, and the revers are also of faille. Still another is of plain and striped brown cashmere. The underskirt is of light-colored striped material, over which is a long, full overskirt in a dark shade, draped high on the right side and held with a tab. On the left side it is plaited and joined to the back drapery, the junction being covered with a straight plaiting about six inches wide, formed of the skirt material showing only the stripes on the top; at the top it drapes over the front of the basque on the left side. The skirts of the basques are plaited in the back, and in front it opens over a plastron of the striped material, closing on the left side with hooks and eyes. The tab on the right side is held with a button, and plaited at the button under the tab, and seems to be a continuation of the drapery of the overskirt.

THE CENTRE REPORTER

FRED. KURTZ, EDITOR and PROP'R.

CENTRE HALL, PA., NOV. 24, 1886.

TERMS.—$2 per year in advance. $2.50 when not in advance. Advertisements 20 cents per line for three insertions.

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We have one line of invissable check in Dress Goods entirely new, that are admired by every body, in fact our whole stock is spoken of in the highest terms. IN PRICES WE DEFY ANY ONE TO BEAT US! We don't buy goods JUST BECAUSE IT IS CHEAP, but IT MUST HAVE STYLE and GOOD QUALITIES COMBINED, or we pass it. Our line of goods for MOURNING WEAR exceeds any thing in town. ALL THE NEW DRESS TRIMMINGS. *Miss Annie Swartz will be pleased to meet her many friends here. We will endeavor to make a call both profitable and pleasant.*

GARMAN'S.——————GARMAN'S.

LOCAL ITEMS.

——Mr. Geo. Moyer, of Linden Hall, contemplates moving to Coburn in a few months.

——A charter was granted last week to the Bellefonte Glass Company, with a capital of $30,000.

——The Horner hunting party returned on Saturday from the Clearfield woods with two fine deer.

——Esq. Boal will again offer the John Love property at public sale, Nov. 27—see adv. in Reporter.

——We are pleased to learn that Ellis Hosterman has so far recovered as to be able to be about again.

——And now the music of the sausage chopper is heard in the land,—like the soft cooing of a dove. Selah!

——We guess the REPORTER must be the best tree in the orchard—the most clubs are found under it.

——Terrible stormy Wednesday night of last week with heavy rain, followed by bright sky and cold wind on Thursd.

——Our young friend, Thomas Moyer, of Linden Hall, has moved to Coburn, where he has purchased Mr. Barger's house and grocery.

——Miss Ellie, daughter of Alf. Hosterman near Centre Hill, after a six week's siege from a fever, is able to be up again.

——Messrs. Chas. Arney and Henry Boozer left for Renova on Monday at which place they expect to join a hunting party.

——Get your boy a suit at the Philad. Branch where they have every size and style and at several dollars less than any other store will charge.

——Mrs. Lizzie Kurzenknabe had ten dollars stolen while buying a railroad ticket at Coburn, says the Journal of last week. That's too bad.

——A young man by name of James Hull, at Zion, broke one of his arms at the wrist on Sunday. Dr. Fischer was called, and the patient is doing well.

——Bellefonte will have the next session of the Central Pennsylvania conference of the M. E. church. Bishop Warren, of Denver, Colorado, will preside.

——Uncle Sam's mail from Centre Hall to Potters Mills, is now carried by Seven Mountain Parker, who has taken it off the hands of Church street Ruble.

——Centre Hall will have two fine Sabbath school entertainments during the coming holidays—one by the Reformed and one by the Lutheran school.

——Daniel Koderman, of Hartleton, Union county, is father of 17 children, all of whom are living, the oldest being sixty eight years old and the youngest forty-two.

——There are some changes of importance in the time table of the P. & E. and L. & T. railroads. Before starting on a journey, cast your eye over the corrected schedule.

——Huyett, Livingood & Co., are now operating on L. Neff's timber tract, formerly D. Durst, above Earlystown. They intend to make Centre Hall their headquarters in a short time.

——Mr. Aaron Harter recently purchased the lot adjoining his property on the south, owned by Wm. Flory, on which he proposes to erect another handsome residence in the near future.

——Messrs Thompson, Patterson and Hamilton, of State College, bought three carloads of steers at Brown's stockyards near Lewisburg, last week; Maj. Fisher of Penn Hall also bought a carload at same time. These parties intend to fatten the steers.

——The evening train on the B. E. V. road for Tyrone now gets to Bellefonte one hour earlier, at 4, thus avoiding connection with the Pennsvalley train west. This is thought to be intentional and is small business. The public are inconvenienced without any real cause.

——The campaign liar is just about at his last gasp with old cloty waiting at his bedside. His last is that we opposed one of the legislative candidates, when the truth is we opposed two. This species of liars is what comes under the head of what Andy Gregg terms continental liars.

——One of the most sorely afflicted families, of typhoid fever, is that of Wm. Bright, of Millheim. About two weeks ago his wife was taken off. Added to this bereavement five of his children took the fever and at last accounts the most of these were still seriously ill. Our friend Bright certainly deserves the sympathy of the community.

BARN BURNED.

The barn of Jacob Weaver, near Pine Grove Mills, was destroyed by fire on Monday, with all its contents, including live stock, except one cow and one calf. All grain, feed, etc., was consumed. The fire occurred about 4 o'clock on Monday morning. Mr. Weaver's barn was partially insured.

There was a steam thresher in use at the barn, on Saturday, and the crops had been threshed. There were 1000 bushels of oats, a wagon loaded with grain ready for market on Monday, burned along with the other contents of the barn. The barn was insured in the Centre Hall company, but we understand the property was sold at Sheriff sale during the summer and purchased by a son of Mr. Weaver, but there was no transfer of policy made to the son, hence the insurance may not be in force.

All the outbuildings, corn crib, chicken house, hog pen, &c., were burned along with two mules, two horses, all horn cattle, except a cow and calf.

A steam separator belonging to Frank Gates was also burned. The property belonged to George Gates, who is teaching at Curwensville. The loss must be nearly $4000. Supposed to have been set on fire.

——The Gilbert family, a troupe of colored jubilee singers arrived at Centre Hall on Saturday morning and gave a concert in the evening, in the Evangelical church, which consisted of sacred songs, plantation melodies, and other popular songs characteristic of the race. On Sunday evening Mr. Gilbert, the head of the family, delivered a lecture in the same place, giving a brief sketch of the origin of slavery, its effects and the condition and progress of the race today. His lecture, although upon an old subject worn thread-bare by writers and speakers, was interesting and suggested many new thoughts. The lecture was free, and it is hardly necessary to mention, that all were there *en masse*. The exercises were interspersed with appropriate songs. On Monday evening an entertainment was given and a goodly number were present. The lecture consisted in an account of the escapade of the speaker and fifteen other slaves from their bondsmen in Maryland. Mr. Gilbert is an intelligent man and a good speaker. His lecture was listened to with great interest by those present.

DEATH OF ABS. MOTZ.

Mr. Abs. Motz, a native of Haines tp., a son of Jacob Motz, dec'd, of Woodward, died in South Carolina, one day last week, his actual home, however, being in Lewisburg, Pa., whither he moved from Woodward a number of years ago. His remains were sent up here and interred in St. Pauls cemetery in Haines twp.

Mr. Motz was in South Carolina much of his time assisting his brother, the well known Emanuel Motz, in gold mining operations, in which Emanuel is largely interested, both as a part owner and superintendent. These gold mines are the old historic gold mines of South Carolina, and the Motz brothers have been concerned there for the last 6 or 8 years. These brothers from their boyhood had a fondness for adventure, which, in a measure, has caused their lives to be a roving one with long periods of absence from home. The gold fields of California, the Rockies, life among the Indian tribes, were familiar to Abs and Man, as they are called in the lower end of the valley. About 30 years ago it was supposed that they had been killed by the Indians, no intelligence having been received from hem. They however returned unlooked for and in the garb of the far-off frontierman and the red man. After spending a brief period at home, they again set out for the territories which at that day were an almost unknown part of the earth. Of the two, Absalom was more frequent in his visits to his family and friends. Emanuel returned only after long periods of absence and his stay was brief. These brothers were married to sisters, daughters of Thomas Harper of Woodward. Miss Harper is the second wife of Absalom Motz; her sister, Mrs. Emanuel Motz, died some years ago, and Emanuel has since been married to a southern lady. Another brother, Simon, also was a companion in their adventures, but he finally settled down to steady life in the west. These brothers are full cousins of Mrs. Dr. Neff and of Mrs. Fred. Kurtz, of this town.

The age of deceased we judge to have been upwards of 70 years.

Later information says that Mr. Motz was about to make a blast when a rock fell down striking him on the head and mashed it horribly.

The following telegram mentions the cause of Mr. Motz's death:

Charlotte, N. C., Nov. 21.—At the Brewer gold mine, twelve miles east of this city, a fatal accident occurred yesterday, resulting in the death of Mr. Abs. Motz. Motz was at work in a shaft of the mine seventeen feet below the surface, when a cave in occurred and he was caught beneath a falling mass of rock and killed instantly.

LOCK HAVEN SWEPT BY A SEVERE WIND.

A severe wind storm that swept over Lock Haven on last Thursday morning did much damage to property. At the Pennsylvania paper mills company's works, two large iron smoke stacks 75 feet high were blown down. One of them fell on the evaporating building, completely demolishing it, and injuring four men who were buried in the ruins. The other stack fell across the boiler-house and crushed it. The firemen, H. Bennet, was badly injured. Many buildings in the city are damaged, and a large tobacco shed owned by Proctor Myers was totally demolished. The roof of the new nail mill building was slightly damaged. Reports from the country are to the effect that the farmers have suffered severely by the damage to fences and fruit trees and outbuildings.

SUDDEN DEATH.

Mr. Samuel Weiser died suddenly at Millheim, on Saturday forenoon, 20th. Mr. Weiser was sitting in his chair, and had conversed freely with some of his neighbors without any seeming indication that his end was so nigh. He expired while sitting in his chair, no doubt from heart disease. Mr. Weiser was one of the oldest residenters of Millheim and well known through that section of our county. He bore a good name and was an earnest member of the Evangelical church and a true old Democrat. We knew him long and well. His age we judge to be about 78 years. He was the father of a large family of children all of whom are heads of families. His funeral was largely attended.

——On last Saturday, Dr. W. A. Jacobs, of this place, while attending his patients in the Loop, met with a severe accident. He was driving down a steep hill near James Horner's, when the breech band of the harness broke and let the buggy run against the horse. The horse was a young beast and began to run and kick, and soon became unmanageable. Seeing several children in the road ahead of him the Dr. leaped from the buggy and finally succeeded in quieting the frightened beast. After unhitching the horse, he felt a severe pain in his right ankle and was carried to Mr. Horner's house and was brought home in the afternoon. It seems that in leaping from the buggy, he stepped upon his right foot and tore some of the tendons and fractured a small bone in the ankle. His injuries will keep him at home for several weeks and he moves around by the use of crutches. We understand he has about forty patients in different parts of the county. No damage was done to horse or buggy. The horse did not run away as first reported.

——A good fitting suit always gives satisfaction no matter where it is made and you are often obliged to pay extravagant prices for it. The tailoring establishment of W. I. Fleming & Co., of Bellefonte employ none but the best workmen and especially first-class cutters who know how to cut and fit a first-class suit. They do no "botch" work, or disfigure the appearance of a man by poorly fitting clothing. Their prices are the most reasonable and within the reach of any one. They have a good reputation, but charge nothing for that. If you want a fine suit, try them.

——Centre Hall with its abundance of best and purest water, in dryest seasons, right from the mountain springs, now has a reservoir completed with storage capacity to supply double our present population, and if needed we have at command a supply to serve at least four towns like ours. We think the town council should adopt some means for extinguishing fires, a duty which every bo ro' attends to as one of highest importance. To guard against a conflagration before one occurs is the policy of wisdom.

——A parent who has no idea where his children spend their evenings, need not be surprised if those children bring his gray hairs in sorrow to the grave. Nor can he escape responsibility for their misdoings if their lives are ruined. There are parents in this town, judging from the appearance of the streets after nightfall, who have but slight jurisdiction over the younger members of their families.

——The Good Templars of Centre Hall will hold a festival in their rooms over Harper & Kreamer's store, on Friday and Saturday evenings, Dec. 24 and 25. Oysters, ice cream and other refreshments will be served. A hearty invitation is extended to the public to embrace this opportunity of getting the worth of their money and aiding a worthy cause.

——One of the aged citizens of Miles township, Mr. David Wolf, is seriously ill and expected not to survive. His age is 83.

N. B. Mr. Wolf died on Monday morning.

——Ed. Powers always keeps his assortment of boots and shoes full and complete, and sells at bottom prices. He knows what the people want hence all are suited who buy of Powers.

——Cyrus Durst opens the sausage season in Harris township by slaughtering a hog weighing 459 pounds. Walk up head until some one beats you.

——If you want a fine suit made for yourself, go to Fleming & Co's., tailoring establishment, Bellefonte. They have one of the best cutters in this part of the state.

——Mr. Wm. Camp and son Willie, of Bellefonte, were in town on Monday Bellefonte seems to agree with Mr. Camp.

——Mr. B. O. Deininger, of Millheim, paid Centre Hall a visit one day last week.

——Mrs. Ross, of this place, is able to be about again, after a severe spell of sickness.

——Don't fail to get one of those warm overcoats at the Philad. Branch. Sold 30 per cent. lower than elsewhere.

——Gotlieb Strohmeier has built an extension to his marble shop.

——Theodore Schilling and another gentleman from Berks county, whose name we have not learned, left the Centre Hall hunters, who are in the Clearfield woods and walked back to this place, a distance of about sixty miles. While on the road home a large buck jumped in front of them, but the rifle they carried had no load in it, and the deer escaped.

—W. K. Vanderbilt has paid $1,000 for thirty imported chickens of fancy breeds.

—HIDES WANTED by Aaron Harter at Centre Hall station. Highest price paid in cash. tf

—Hon. Wm. T. Price, Congressman-elect from the Eighth Wisconsin district, is dying.

—The increase of nearly 500 per cent, in the vote of the New Jersey Prohibitionists has greatly elated that party.

—The original letter written by Benedict Arnold to the American people in vindication of his character after the attempted betrayal of his country into the hands of the British is now in the possession of the Kingston Freeman. It was found in an old loft in Kingston by C. P. Caster. The letter is written in a free, flowing hand.

—One of the most remarkable examples of ill breeding displayed at the White house receptions was that of a woman who is reported to have carried a pug dog under her arm, and after shaking hands with the President held up the pug's paw for a shake, too. The President didn't shake.

—Preacher E. A. Tanner, of Plainwell, Mich., is reported to have said in a sermon that any Christian who refused to vote the Prohibition ticket ought to be yoked to the devil and made to toil for a thousand years on the hot pavements of hell. If Mr. Tanner is correctly reported, it is not strange that his congregation have asked him to resign.

OLD-TIME HONESTY.

We often hear incidents of the honesty and confidence that existed in the days of our grandfathers. One will be remembered in a transaction between farmer Miller and farmer Houseman. The former sold the latter a horse for which Houseman signed a note. But who to hold the note was the puzzle, when the idea struck Miller, and says he, "Houseman I guess you must keep the note and as long as you have it you will know it is not paid; then when you pay it you give the note to me to keep and then I will always know it's paid," and with a "yaw, yaw" the puzzle was solved.

Many of the older readers of the Reporter will remember of Dr. Bigelow, a noted physician who practiced in the lower end of this valley some 60 years ago when cheating had not been thought of or introduced as a yankee invention. Dr. Bigelow's practice extended over half the valley for he was a physician who understood his business and always minded his own business, which rendered him immensely popular. Among the families attended by him was the well known Heckman family, grandfather of the present Heckman's in our valley, and in whose noble breast there lurked no motive of dishonesty. Dr. Bigelow having made up his mind to leave Pennsvalley and locate elsewhere, he began to call upon those who owed him, for settlement, as he had a habit of letting the honest old farmers have their own time about it. Coming to father Heckman he told him he intended moving away, at which the old gentleman expressed his regret adding that he hoped the Doctor would make out his bill before moving so he could pay him. The Docter replied that his bill was seventy five dollars. At this the old patriarch rose from his chair, seized his cane and went, not for the doctor, but up stairs, presently returned with a sack which contained about a peck of silver coin and emptied the jingiers on the table, with the remark, "Now Doctor, whatever your bill is just take it out of that pile." Oh, no, said the Doctor, I want you to count it out. No, no, said Heckman, you count it Doctor, you know best when you have enough. The physician counted out his $75, when the farmer again insisted he should be sure he had enough. After a minute's change of conversation grandfather Heckman again went at Bigelow with, "Now Doctor, if you havn't got enough go to the pile there and help yourself."

Oh, for this old-time honesty and confidence, that it might be restored.

LITTLE METEORS.

SQUIBS,—The Centre Hall water company's new reservoir is a success.

Our hunters find six deers in the valley to one deer in the mountain.

A letter writer from Salt river says he found a big hollow stump with sign outside lettered, "Prothonotary's office."

They say Will Shirk is about starting a grocery down town.

The Spring Mills creamery works to the satisfaction of its stockholders.

Had very cold blasts last week which reduced the coal piles.

Last week's snow and rains filled the cisterns and raised the streams.

If you send us two new cash names to the Reporter will give you credit for one year for your trouble.

Our grain fields look promising.

Beef cattle sell at 3½ to 4¼ per 100, live weight.

Philip Mersinger and lady are still rusticating within the bealth giving bounds of Centre Hall.

A citizen who got short notice wants to know why some had to make their board walks and others not.

DONT.—Don't always be talking about your neighbors for we guarantee you have as many faults as any; don't be always borrowing your neighbor's Reporter all the time but subscribe and pay for it and you will feel better and die happy; don't encourage the credit system in ordinary business transactions; don't be stingy and whining when asked to contribute to any useful project or institution in your neighborhood; don't feel jealous when you find your neighbor prospering—his prosperity is your prosperity; don't have an idea that constant blabbering is showing off smartness; don't think that you can see into a millstone deeper than anybody else; don't think your underhand plans to injure another can't be read altho' ther's nothing said; don't think the world won't move on all the same when you die—rest assured it won't miss you; don't cheat a printer who has sent you his paper regularly in good faith; don't plead the limitation on an honest debt; don't ever, ever, tell a lie—don't.

QUIT.—Quit squirting tobacco juice on the church floor; quit eating pea nuts and chestnuts in church; quit chewing tobacco; quit loafing around at night; quit reading novels; quit swearing; quit going into your neighbor's house with dirty shoes; quit having your chin slobbered with tobacco juice; quit eating your oysters alone, take 'em home and let your wife and little ones have a taste, they like 'em too; quit making your wife and daughter chop the wood to cook your meal; quit sneering at every passer by; quit making remarks about your neighbor's dress, it may be paid for and your own may not be; quit wearing out other people's things when you should have your own; quit borrowing if your memory is too short for a prompt return; quit minding other people's business; quit gossiping—quit.

——A large stock of men's and boys' and children's gum boots, overshoes, lumbermen's gums, men's fine calf and kip boots, ladies' fine button shoes, ladies' full calf shoes inswed or pegged, also the celebrated Solar tip shoes for children, all of which we are selling at low prices.

Graham & Son, Bellefonte.

SCOTT'S EMULSION OF PURE COD LIVER OIL, WITH HYPOPHOSPHITES,

For Lung Troubles and Wasting Diseases

Dr. J. Simonaud, New Orleans, La., says: "Scott's Emulsion is the finest preparation of the kind ever brought to my notice. In affections of the lungs and other wasting diseases, we may consider it our most reliable agent. In a perfectly elegant and agreeable form."

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria,

AARONSBURG.

Absalom Motz who was engaged in gold mining in North Carolina, died there and was brought home and buried at Woodward on the 22d inst.

On last Saturday about noon, old Mr. Samuel Weiser of Millheim, died very suddenly of heart disease. He was an old and much respected citizen, and had followed blacksmithing for many years.

The Gilbert Family of colored jubilee singers gave a concert in the old church with only an ordinary house, though the performances were pronounced very good.

Rev. J. G. Shoemaker, formerly pastor of the Reformed people at Aaronsburg, has moved to Dayton, Penn., and is engaged in the drug business. He has quit preaching on account of his health, having had a stroke of apoplexy about a year ago, from which he never entirely recovered.

SPRING MILLS.

The Luse property was bought by William Stover for $900.

There was a "darkey" show in town last week.

Landlord Schaeffer is said to possess the finest hogs this season.

The school, made vacant by the death of Mr. Snyder, is being taught by Cyrus Grove.

The young gentleman who teaches the Mountain school, met with a mishap the other night.

COBURN.

W. G. Rook, proprietor of the National Hotel of Millheim, has sent out invitations to his friends of this place to attend a Thanksgiving banquet to be held at his house. Of course will all attend and get a square meal and have a good time.

H. & Wm. Whitmer have bought a tract of oak timber land of Christ Alexander and are bargaining for several other tracts of timber land near here. They leased a site of land of Benjamin Kerstetter to put a saw mill on it, and expect to commence operations soon, which will employ several hands. Success to them.

Last Sunday Rev. Yearick held communion services here. Our Sunday school is in good order and well attended, and expect to have some kind of an entertainment on Christmas. Quite a crowd took the train on Monday morning to attend court.

Joe Kleckner took the lead on Monday and killed some fine porkers. W. H. Kreamer followed on Tuesday, and Judge Ard follows suit to-day.

By the way, if anybody wants a good bird dog, call on Joe Kleckner. Picking choice. O K

Coburn, Nov. 24.

COURT.

Court met on Monday, Judge Furst presiding, with associates Munson and Smith. The reports of constables were received and the judge charged the grand jury. On Tuesday morning case of commonwealth vs Grant Shafer, for assault on Luther Stover, was tried. Shafer was fined $30 and costs and ordered to enter surety of the peace.

Commonwealth vs Mr Eckert, for stealing a pair of shoes from Mingle's shoe store. Found guilty.

The case of Ocker vs Kennedy & Shirs was tried on Wednesday forenoon, on a note given by Ocker for 5 fence machines.

In the Watchman riot cases the grand-jury found true bills against Emery, Gibson, Evy and Summers, and ignored bills against Christ, Miller and Fiedler. The case is on trial as we go to press.

Eckers from Rush, for stealing a horse, got 18 months in the penitentiary. He said he stole the horse because the owner owed him money for work and would not pay him, and did it so as to get the reward on the horse.

Case against Mr. M'Conner, and Mrs. Kunes, from Eagleville, (formerly Betts Potts, of Millheim), selling liquor without license. M'Conner was fined $200 and costs, and Mrs. Kunes was discharged with a reprimand from the judge.

BARN BURNED.

The large barn on the Ambrose McMullen property, at Hecla Furnace, was destroyed by fire, on Sunday afternoon last, about 4 o'clock, with all this year's crops and other contents. The fire was first discovered by a Mr. Goble, who was climbing to the haymow, when he saw a fire of about four feet square on the mow which contained the fodder. The tenant on the farm was Mr. George Ream, formerly of Brushvalley. The persons living on the premises were all at church at the time, and nothing could be done to save the barn. The live stock alone was saved. The barn was heavily insured. Mr. Ream, however, had no insurance on his part of the crop, and the loss falls heavily upon him. His loss will be about $400. There is no accounting for the origin of the fire.

SUGAR VALLEY.

DEATH OF AN AGED CITIZEN.—This week we are called on to announce the death of our well known and worthy townsman, Mr. George Aauchenbauch, who died at 8 o'clock on Wednesday evening, Nov. 17. Aged 71 years. His death was sudden and sent grief to all acquainted with him; and his many friends will be at loss to know he is no more among them. Deceased was a highly respected citizen of this place, loved by all. In his younger days when he was in full vigor of life, he was one of the most enterprising citizens in Logansville. More than ten years ago, he was elected secretary of the Sugar Valley Mutual Fire Insurance Company, with its office at this place, and in which office his services gave universal satisfaction up to the time of his death. Interment on Saturday afternoon, November 20.

The tallest boy in Sugar Valley, is James Groninger, of near Booneville. He is about 17 years old and stands seven feet high, when he has his derby hat on his head.

While Mr. Wilson Rishel and his brother Dir were out hunting they came in contact with a large bear, which they, however, easily managed to kill. The bear when dressed, weighed 358 pounds. —*Journal.*

MARRIED.

In Bellefonte, Pa. Nov. 11, 1886, by Rev. Isaac Heckman, George H. Mauler and Miss Adesa M. Maurer, both of Blair county, Pa.

WONDERFUL CURES.

W. D. Hoyt & Co., wholesale and retail druggists of Rome, Ga., say: We have been selling Dr. King's New Discovery, Electric Bitters and Bucklen's Arnica Salve for two years. Have never handled remedies that sell as well, or give such universal satisfaction. There have been some wonderful cures effected by these medicines in this city. Several cases of pronounced consumption have been entirely cured by use of a few bottles of Dr. King's New Discovery, taken in connection with Electric Bitters. We guarantee them always. Sold by all druggists.

Women are everywhere using and recommending Parker's Tonic because they have learned from experience that it speedily overcomes despondency, indigestion, pain or weakness in the back or kidneys, and other troubles peculiar to the sex. nov

—Mrs. Miriam Putman, of Danvers, Mass., the daughter-in-law of General Putman of the Revolution, will celebrate her 102d birthday in several days.

The largest variety of Ladies Coats ever shown in Centre county, all tailor-made to our own order by skilled operatives, Superior fit and workmanship. All the latest designs at prices as low as ordinary goods are offered at. Our aim has been to give as good a wrap in workmanship, fit and grade of goods as careful work and goods can make them. Try one of ours on before buying elsewhere.

S & A. LOEB.

The fact that you read the newspaper is evidence that you desire to keep posted up in what is going on. This paragraph is to inform you that Dreydoppels Borax Soap is the best soap made in America. Try it. nov.

MARKETS.

Philadelphia, Nov. 24.—Wheat 84½ for November.

Corn 45½ for November. Oats 35½ for November.

CENTRE HALL MARKETS.

PRODUCE AT THE STORES.

Butter	20	Eggs	20
Ham	12	Sides	6
Shoulders	8	Potatoes	40
Lard	6		

LINDEN HALL MARKETS.

Wheat	$ 75	Butter	$ 14
Rye	56	Eggs	20
Oats	25	Lard	6

Ham 12, Shoulder 10.

REPORTED WEEKLY BY KURTZ & SON

Prices subject to fluctuations of market.

Wheat, red	$ 75	Oats	$ 25
Wheat, white	70	Rye	10
Corn, shelled	40	Barley, No. 1	40

Barley No. 2, mixed with oats, bought at oats weight and price.

Wheat mixed with Rye bought at rye weight and prices.

FLOUR AND FEED.

Fancy Pat. Flour	1 45	Bran per ton	14 00
Best Roller Flour	$ 1 35	Bran, retail, cwt.	90
2d Best Roll'r Flour	1 25	Chop per ton	22 00
Middlings per ton	18 50	" retail per cwt	1 25

burg, on

COAL MARKET.

Broken	$4.75
Egg	4.75
Stove	5.00
Small Stove	5.00
Chestnut	4.75
Pea	3.10
Woodland	4.00
Soft	2.50

The above prices are for cash or grain only.

KURTZ & SON

ST. ELMO HOTEL,

No. 317 & 319 Arch Street, Philadelphia.

Reduced rates to $2.00 per day. The traveling public will still find at this Hotel the same liberal provision for their comfort. It is located in the immediate centres of business and places of amusement and different railroad depots, as well as all parts of the city, are easily accessible by Street Cars constantly passing the doors. It offers special inducements to those visiting the city for business or pleasure.

Your patronage respectfully solicited.

JOS. M. FEGER, Proprietor.

CENTRE HALL MEAT MARKET.—The Centre Hall Meat market having a refrigerator families can at all times be supplied with fresh meats, of the best quality, also bologna sausage. Next door to hotel; open day and evening.

14may tf HENRY BOOZER.

FOR SALE.

Two farms belonging to the estate of Joseph Neff, deceased. Inquire of

A. A. DALE, Attorney, Bellefonte

FOR SALE.

A new two-story dwelling house and lot with good stable near the railroad. If desired the purchaser can have one or more acres of ground ¼ mile east of station.

Also, building lots ¼ mile east of Centre Hall station, prices $75 to $125 per lot, on easy terms. Apply to FRED KURTZ. tf

AGENTS WANTED to sell "REMINISCENCES" of 60 YEARS in the NATIONAL METROPOLIS, BY **BEN PERLEY POORE**

Illustrating the Wit, Humor, and Eccentricities of Noted Celebrities. A Richly Illustrated treat of inner Society History, from "ye olden time" to the wedding of Cleveland. Wonderfully Popular. Agents report rapid sales. Address for circ'r and terms, HUBBARD BROS., Publishers, Philada., Pa. 11nov4t

ADMINISTRATORS NOTICE.—Letters of Administration upon the estate of Howard Harter, deceased, late of Gregg township, having been lawfully granted to the undersigned he would respectfully request all persons knowing themselves to be indebted to the estate to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same to present the same duly authenticated for settlement.

SAMUEL HARTER,
Administrator

ORPHAN'S COURT SALE.—By virtue of an order of Orphans' Court of Centre county, there will be exposed to public sale, on the premises, 1 mile west of Tusseyville, in Potter township, the following described real estate of John Love, dec'd, on SATURDAY, NOV. 27, 1886, at 1 o'clock. All that certain tract of land in said township, being his mansion farm, bounded on the north by land of Michael Spyker, on the east by lands of John Stover, James Runkle and Wm. Boal's heirs, on the south by lot of Oliver H. Love and lands of Wm. Boal's heirs, and on the west by lands of Joseph M'Clellan, Jacob Wagner and Michael Spyker, containing about 160 ACRES, more or less. Thereon erected a large 2-story frame dwelling HOUSE, BARN AND OUTBUILDINGS. The farm is under good cultivation, has an abundance of Fruit and Good Water.

TERMS:—A sum equal to the share in the proceedings in partition and expenses of sale, to be paid, when the property is knocked down; one-third of the residue cash upon confirmation of sale; one-third in one year thereafter with interest, and the remaining one-third at the death of Elizabeth Love, the widow of said decedent, with interest thereon to be paid her annually during the term of her natural life; said last two payments to be secured by Bond and Mortgage upon the premises. JAMES C. BOAL,

Trustee appointed by Court.